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FROM THE FUND OF
HARRIET J. G. DENNY
OF BOSTON

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

VOL. I.

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POETICAL RHAPSODY,

EDITED BY
Arthur Henry
A. H. BULLEN.

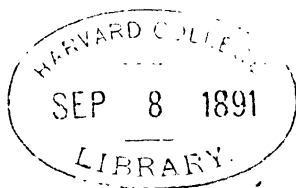


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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

	PAGE
P REFACE	vii
Introduction	ix
List of contributors to the Poetical Rhapsody	lxxix
Dedication	1
To the Reader	3
Yet other Twelve Wonders of the World	6
A Lottery	10
A Contention betwixt a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid	18
The Lie	28
Two Pastorals upon meeting Sir Edward Dyer and Fulke Greville	32
Dispraise of a Courtly Life	34
A Fiction how Cupid made a Nymph wound herself with his Arrows	37
A Dialogue between two Shepherds, Thenot and Piers, in praise of Astrea	40
A Roundelay	42
Strephon's Palinode	45
Urania's Answer	47
Eclogue	48
Eclogue entitled Cuddy	58
Cuddy's Emblem	63
An Eclogue upon the death of Sir Philip Sidney	63
Eclogue	72
Eclogue. Concerning Old Age	76
Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and Epigrams by FRANCIS and WALTER DAVISON.	
A Complaint	80
Inscriptions	84
A Dialogue in imitation of that between Horace and Lydia	87
Madrigals	89
Sonnets	90-92
Madrigal, upon his departure	92
Epigrams translated out of Martial	93-98
Epigrams	99-101
Sonnets.	
Dedication of these Rhymes to his First Love	101
That he cannot hide or dissemble his Affection	102
Upon his absence from her	102
Upon presenting her with the Speech of Gray's Inn Masque	103
Elegy. He renounceth his food, and former delight in Music, Poesy, and Painting	104
Sonnet. To Pity	105

	PAGE
<i>Ode. That only her beauty and voice please him</i>	106
<i>Madrigals.</i>	
<i>To Cupid</i>	107
<i>Upon his mistress' sickness, and his own health</i>	108
<i>He begs a kiss</i>	108
<i>Upon a kiss received</i>	109
<i>Ode. Upon her protestation of kind affection, having tried his sincere fidelity</i>	110
<i>Ode. His restless Estate</i>	111
<i>Elegy, or Letter in Verse</i>	112
<i>Ode. Being deprived of her looks, etc., he desireth her to write unto him</i>	119
<i>Madrigal. Allusion to the confusion of Babel</i>	121
<i>Sonnets.</i>	
<i>Upon her acknowledging his desert, yet rejecting his affection</i>	122
<i>Her Answer</i>	123
<i>His Farewell to his unkind and unconstant Mistress</i>	123
<i>A Prosopopæia, wherein his heart speaks to his second Lady's breast</i>	124
<i>Upon her giving him back the paper whereon the former Song was written, as though it had been an answer thereunto</i>	125
<i>Commendation of her Beauty, Stature, Behaviour, and Wit</i>	126
<i>To her Hand, upon her giving him her Glove</i>	126
<i>Cupid proved a Fencer</i>	127
<i>Upon her commending his Verses to his first Love</i>	127
<i>He compares himself to a Candle-Fly</i>	128
<i>Answer to her question, What Love was</i>	129
<i>Ode. That all other creatures have their abiding in Heaven, Hell, Earth, Air, Water, or Fire, but he in all of them</i>	129
<i>Upon his timorous silence in her Presence</i>	130
<i>Upon her long absence</i>	130
<i>Upon seeing his Face in her Eye</i>	131
<i>Upon her hiding her Face from him</i>	131
<i>Upon her Beauty and Inconstancy</i>	132
<i>A Dialogue, between a Lover's flaming Heart and his Lady's Frozen Breast</i>	132
<i>For what cause he obtains not his Lady's favour</i>	133
<i>A Quatrain</i>	134
<i>Sonnet. To a Worthy Lord now dead, upon presenting him with Cæsar's Commentaries as a New Year's Gift</i>	135
<i>To Samuel Daniel, Prince of English Poets</i>	136
<i>Three Epitaphs upon the Death of a rare Child of Six Years old</i>	138
<i>An Inscription for the Statue of Dido</i>	139

PREFACE.

WITH this edition of "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody" I close my series of lyrical anthologies. I began with "Lyrics from Elizabethan Songbooks," which was followed by "England's Helicon." Then came "More Lyrics from the Songbooks," "Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists," and "Lyrics from Elizabethan Romances." I have carried out the scheme that I proposed to myself, and now I make an end.

I beg to thank Mr. Wakefield Christie-Miller and Mr. A. H. Huth for their kindness in granting me the use of rare editions of the "Rhapsody." To Mr. J. M. Thomson of Edinburgh I am much indebted for valuable notes.

I, Yelverton Villas,
Twickenham.

12th November, 1890.

INTRODUCTION.

I. FRANCIS DAVISON.

IN some respects "Davison's Poetical Rhapsody" is the most valuable of our old anthologies. Regarded as a whole it is inferior in literary merit to "England's Helicon"; but it has this important advantage over the earlier collection—that it was in great part compiled from unpublished writings. Had "England's Helicon" perished and only a bare list of the first lines of the poems been preserved, we could succeed in restoring it (almost in its entirety) from printed books; but the destruction of the "Rhapsody" would mean the irretrievable loss of much excellent poetry.

The editor, Francis Davison,¹ who also contributed largely to the miscellany, was the eldest son of William Davison, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and was born about 1575. Through his mother Katherine, only daughter of Francis Spelman, younger son of William Spelman, of

¹ My account of Francis Davison is drawn from the Memoir prefixed to Sir Harris Nicolas' edition of the "Rhapsody." Nicolas collected all available information about the Davisons; I have found nothing to add.

Norfolk, Esq., he was remotely connected with Sir Philip Sidney, for whose memory he cherished a pious regard. He was admitted in 1593 a member of Gray's Inn;¹ and in December of the following year he wrote some speeches² for the Gray's Inn Masque "*Gesta Grayorum*," in which he was one of the performers. In May 1595, he started on his travels,³ accompanied by his tutor the Rev. Edward Smyth. The Queen's licence permitting him to go abroad is dated 27 May, 1595; it is preserved in Harl. MS. 38, f. 188, and has been printed by Nicolas. The travellers were allowed to take "one servant, two horses, and fifty poundes in money or under, with their baggs, baggages, and other necessaries." William Davison, now a poor man (expelled from office and living in retirement), granted £100 a year for the travelling expenses. This sum would be equal to (at least) £600 at the present day. It was hardly a liberal allowance for two travellers, with a servant and horses;⁴ but

¹ Harl. MS. 1912, f. 26.

² See *Appendix* to vol. ii.

³ Harl. MS. 6893, preserves "*Instructions to a Traveller*," addressed to Francis Davison by his father. These notes were printed in 1633 as part of "*Profitable Instructions*;" describing what speciall Observations are to be taken by Trauellers . . . By Robert late Earl of Essex, Sir Philip Sidney, and Secretary Davison," 12mo.

⁴ When Milton went to Italy (in 1638) he was allowed by his father £200 a year; he took a horse and man, but no travelling companion.

it was quite as much as the ex-Secretary could afford. Mr. Smyth soon found that he could not pay his way, and on 12-22 January, 1595-6, he wrote the following letter :—

“To the Right Honorable Mr. Secretary Davison,
at his House at Stepney, give these.

“I HAVE so often and so directly written unto your honour heretofore, concerning our necessary expenses in our travelling through Germany, and the excessive rate that we are enforced to endure since our coming into Italy, by reason of our continual residing in Venice, that I might very well have spared to have been troublesome in these, had I not perceived that your proportion of £100 yearly for our expenses is so absolutely resolved upon (as I gather both by your honour's letters to Mr. Francis and to myself), that howsoever our excess has been born withal heretofore, yet hereafter we may not look for a larger allowance, because you know that such a sum may very well suffice. Although it becometh not me to make any question of that which your honour does at any time so expressly affirm, yet both because I assuredly know that in this point you ground upon other men's report, and for that it hath pleased your honour to command me to advertise you faithfully how this proportion will agree with the time and place wherein we live, I trust it may stand with your accustomed favour to pardon

me, though I be bold to be of a far different opinion, and, for some proof, allege my own experience. I have hitherto gone to the market, and, as frugally as I could, made our provision of all our necessities; and albeit we have not at any time more than one dish, and that not very costly neither, yet, with the rent for our chamber, our weekly expenses amount very near to 40s., beside apparel, books, and many other trifling charges which I see cannot be avoided, especially so long as we are in these parts, where, in truth, such are not fit to remain as cannot eat oil, roots, salads, cheese, and such like cheap dishes, which, forsooth, Mr. Francis can in no wise digest,¹ and any good thing else whatsoever is at a very great rate; we are necessarily compelled to spend the more, and yet not so much as other gentlemen of our nation in this town do make show of; for the most part of them have told me of a greater expense by many degrees. But I allege not other men's examples for argument to persuade your honour to allow us any farthing for the nourishing of any prodigal humours; neither would I wish that you should be deceived any longer in Mr. Wo: [Sir Henry Wotton?] and some others, who report they have lived in these parts for a hundred marks by the year; for Mr. Granger and some other merchants can prove the contrary by their woeful experience,

¹ "Disgest"—an old form of "digest."

to whom so many hundred crowns are due by these and such like frugal travellers. But seeing we cannot hope for any such favour whilst we are abroad, I beseech you, Sir, either to make account of spending £200 yearly, or very near, or else to call me home, who have endured that to deserve well of your honour, to pleasure Mr. Francis, and to spare your purse, that I would not be hired unto for any money. And yet, to my grief, I fear a hard censure, considering you shall find yourself charged so far beyond your expectation. But I desire you, Sir, to spare to think otherwise than well of me until I return, and then, if I be not able to justify myself, let me be blamed. I would have removed to Padua long since, if the expectation of money from Stoad, which we as yet hear not of, and the scattering receiving of Mr. Hickman's ducats, which we took up by twenty and by forty at a time, had not necessarily tied us to remain in this place, where, in truth, we have already spent much to small purpose, and so long as we stay here, we may account our time in a manner lost. And I fear, that wheresoever we live in Italy, neither your nor our own expectation will be satisfied ; but as touching this point, if it may please your honour to confer with my honorable Lord Willoughby at his coming home, to whom Mr. Francis is much bound for his many kindnesses,—though Doctor Hawkins,¹ who

¹ “Dr. Henry Hawkins. He was a civilian, and the

liveth here almost in contempt of all gentlemen by reason of his pride and other follies, hath played him an unkind part, by seeking his discredit by impertinent speeches, and far unbeseeming an Ambassador, as, God knoweth, he would fain be accounted,—I doubt not but your honour will judge otherwise of this country than peradventure you have done heretofore, and cause us to retire where we may have better means to serve God, to gain knowledge, and to spare your purse. Howsoever, I beseech your honour to let me understand in your next what your resolution is touching these expenses, that I may, by your direction, accordingly dispose of myself. For the rest of these points which are most material, and contained in these your honour's letters of the 5th of December, I have answered in my former, which I am sure are come to your hands long since, and therefore pass them over at this present: and, with my humblest duty, cease, this 22nd of January, *stilo novo*, 1595.

Your honour's to command,

ED. SMYTH.

It may please your honour to command what we shall do as touching our journey into Tuscany. I

nephew of Christopher Yelverton, the Speaker of the House of Commons in 1597, and was then employed by the Earl of Essex to collect and transmit intelligence from Italy. Numerous letters from Hawkins are referred to in Birch's *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*.—*Nicolas*.

confess I cannot meet with any friend that doth counsel Mr. Francis to expose himself to that peril ; and the bearer hereof doth earnestly dissuade ; but yet I see Mr. Francis not much discouraged, to whom I dare not say any thing as touching Dr. Hawkins, fearing it would grow to a quarrel ; neither may your honour take any knowledge thereof to my Lord Willoughby, lest peradventure he suspect more than there is cause, and withal breed in him a jealousy of my secrecy, to whom I must acknowledge myself so exceedingly beholding.”¹

Having waited three weeks and received no reply, Smyth wrote again, complaining that he was hard pushed for money, and that he found it impossible to control his pupil's expenditure.

“Mr. Francis,” he urged, “is now a man, and your son, and not so easily ruled touching expenses, about which we have had more brabblements than I will now speak of ; and for these, and other matters, such words as in truth I could not well digest [digest], were it not in regard of my duty to your honour, and my care of him, who I see is not so careful of his friends ; and if somewhat be not amended, I hope I shall have leave to return. Two hundred pounds will hardly maintain us this

¹ Harl. MS. 296, f. 114. (Printed by Nicolas.)

year, we having spent already £160 and yet I protest I never endured so much slavery in my life to save money ; but I am now infinitely weary thereof, and therefore Mr. Francis must needs take a man, seeing he will take no pains for himself, and then whether £200 yearly will suffice or not, I cannot tell ; I am sure so much will be spent, or else we may not remain in these parts. Now I beseech your honour to consider, that besides the expense of so much money, the dangers that we incur both of body and of soul so long as we live in Italy, where God is so dishonoured, true religion abolished, piety contemned, and all horrible and monstrous sins publicly maintained, I fear if the gains be compared with the loss, that in the end it will prove but a hard reckoning if your honour do expect that we should attain unto any thing more than the language ; and whatsoever may fall out within the compass of that, certainly you will be deceived, for the best and wisest of our nation who have had better means than we have, and I make no question but as earnest desire to profit themselves, are of this opinion, and freely confess that they have been exceedingly astonished. If your honour talk with my Lord Grey, my Lord Willoughby, and others, I think they will not report otherwise. We are now clean without money, and if Mr. Hickman does not help us, as he hath done hitherto, we know not what to do ; and for

my part, if these wants be no better supplied, and that speedily, I think we must make some beggarly shift to come home, for we cannot continue in these terms."¹

While he was on his travels Davison composed a "Relation of Saxony,"² which he sent to his father. It was handed by Secretary Davison to Anthony Bacon (brother of Francis Bacon), secretary to the Earl of Essex. On 7th August, 1596, Bacon wrote a congratulatory letter to the author :—

"To my very assured good friend, Mr. Francis
Davison, at Florence.

SIR,

Having received the special favour and contentment of my very honorable good friend your father, as to have tasted the sweetness of the first fruits of your travel, I mean your Relation of Saxony, wherein you show no less diligence in observing and collecting, than judgment in orderly disposing the same, I would not fail by these few lines to greet your so happy beginning, and in special good will to advise you to proceed and continue, assuring you that as you know such a course of study requireth an earnest intention of the mind

¹ Harl. MS. 296, f. III.

² The MS. was stolen from the Earl of Essex's house in 1596. See Birch's "Memoirs of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth," ii. 255.

and a retentive memory, and consequently will cost you no small pain ; so after some little practice having brought your mind as it were to a habit of judgment, you shall reap exceeding pleasure and profit answerable unto your painful endeavours.

As for occurrences here, namely, the last happy success¹ of our most honorable and peerless Earl my Lord of Essex, because I know you shall receive them otherwise, I will not trouble you with any reiteration ; neither will I make any unseemly mixture in joining any other news with so noble and happy an accident.

And therefore requesting you most heartily to make account and dispose of my sincere good will and affections, and of any friendly endeavours that time and occasions may enable me to perform, I commit you to God's best protection.

Your very entire loving friend to use."

Endorsed—"A Mons^r Fra. Davison,
le 7^{me} d'Aoust, 1596." ²

On 11-21 September, Davison sent the following reply :—

"To my very honorable good Friend Mr. Anthony Bacon, Esquire, at Essex House.

SIR,

I have always held it for a true principle, that

¹ The expedition to Cadiz.

² Add. MS. 4120, f. 150. (Printed by Nicolas.)

the effect followeth the nature of the cause : and your most honorably courteous letter hath undoubtedly confirmed me in the truth thereof, which, coming from so virtuous and noble a person, as I may without flattery affirm yourself to be, it hath wrought in me more than ordinary virtuous effects. In your exceeding kindness towards me I read mine own forgetfulness of my duty towards you ; and your vouchsafing to write first to my poor self, who should by all reason often ere this time have performed that duty, makes me confess your extraordinary humanity, and acknowledge mine own unpardonable error ; in excuse whereof I will bring nothing, but only this, that it hath not been proper to you alone, but hath extended itself to all my most honorable and best deserving friends ; among whom, if any had been remembered, you might justly have taken it more unkindly to have been forgotten. But having erred alike towards all, I hope to find the more favorable excuse with yourself, because of you first I crave pardon, and to you first I begin some course of amendment.

Touching your letter itself, I must needs confess, that if the very kindness of writing hath wrought so good effects in me, the matters written have wrought much more. And surely if *laudari a laudato viro* be a great happiness, I know no man of so mean deserts more happy than myself ; and should account myself much more if I were not in

mine own heart assured that they are utterly undeserved. And though I may perhaps with more judgment imagine that you deal with me as men commonly do with great ladies, to extol their beauty whether they be fair or no ; yet in the assurance of your love towards me, I will rather conceive that your praises proceed either from over-favorable affection, *che spesso occhio ben san fa veder torto*, or else from an honorable kind of dissimulation, hoping by commending things not greatly praiseworthy, to stir up a mind, not altogether resty to virtue, to more commendable actions. Howsoever, I will think that my passed labours have performed very much, if they may cancel my long silence and forgetful negligence, and retain me in your indifferent good opinion till I may by some better fruits deserve some part of those praises which now undeserved it pleaseth you to bestow upon me ; which if I shall be able to obtain, I will account my time and pains, though much greater than the former, very profitably bestowed, and largely recompensed.

As for your honorable and friendly counsel, of continuing that kind of observation, and making use of my travel, you have not only stirred me up, who was perhaps soon disturned from good courses, or spurred me on, if of myself I were not altogether backward, but both in this incredibly incited me to labour by all means to yield yourself and the rest of my honorable friends some satisfaction answer-

able to the expectation which you have unworthily conceived of me, and made me most ready always to give your counsel in any other course whereto you shall advise me that place, both in approving and following, which the excellency of your judgment and the extraordinary kindness of your affection may justly challenge.

With what joy I received the news of my noble Lord's victorious success, and with what fervency I have wished the continuance thereof, you may easily guess in me, who am, and that with so good cause, wholly devoted to his Lordship; whenas his greatest enemies cannot choose but commend and admire his virtues, so far as they cannot wish him sinister fortune. And among the rest I may not forget how exceeding honorable speeches were reported to me of his noble Lordship by some, from the Emperor's own mouth, at my being the last year at Prague. If my fortune had served, I would have been infinitely glad to have been an eye-witness of his Lordship's glorious fortune in this voyage; but since I was not so happy as to have opportunity to use my unpractised sword in his service, I have employed those weapons which were in my power to use, as my prayers and good wishes, in the best and most fervent manner I could; which I do infinitely hope shall have the desired issue, both in continuance of his happy victories and safe and honorable return.

I beseech you both to excuse me and humbly recommend me to your honorable brother, Mr. Francis Bacon, who if he have received part of those advancements which his excellent virtues merit, you shall do me a special favour if it please you to let me understand it. I would desire you also, if he be yet in England, to recommend my most humble service to Don Antonio Perez.¹ In recompense of your most kind and honorable offer of your sincere love and affection, I am able to yield you nothing but the tribute of infinite thanks, and humbly to intreat you, with full authority, to

¹ "This individual was the son of Gonzalo Perez, who for forty years was Secretary of State to the Emperor Charles, and to his son Philip II. and succeeded his father in that situation. He, however, forfeited the confidence and favour of his sovereign by his intimacy with the Princess of Eboli, the king's mistress, and on the pretence of revealing the secrets of his office, he was thrown into prison; from which he escaped into France, and about August, 1592, came to England, with the avowed intention of giving Queen Elizabeth some important information prejudicial to his late master. To her Majesty's honor she magnanimously refused to encourage so despicable a traitor, but being countenanced by the Earl of Essex, to which circumstance may be attributed Francis Davison's knowledge of him, he continued in this country for some years, during which time he was constantly consulted by the Earl on every point relating to the affairs of Spain. Such, however, was the horror which James felt towards a traitor, that on his accession Perez was obliged to quit the kingdom, and, after various vicissitudes, he ended his days at St. Paul, in France, on the 4th Nov. 1611. His treachery to his country was not the only

command and dispose of myself, and all my actions, as it please you, assuring you, that whatsoever good offices I am able in any kind to perform, are always most readily and deservedly at your service. And so I humbly take my leave.—Florence, the 21st of September, *stilo novo*, 1596.

Yours to command and dispose of,

FRA. DAVISON."

"SIR,—Of news there is not anything of assured truth worth the writing, but only this, the King of Spain's Armada in these seas of 80 gallies, under Don Andrea Doria, was to go out of Messina, where and about Capo d' Otranto they have long lain hovering, the 1st of this present, to meet the Turkish fleet, whom they have long expected, of some 90 gallies (but not over well provided and blemish in his character; and the following extract from Lady Bacon's letter to her son Francis Bacon, clearly shows the opinion entertained of his principles.

'Though I pity your brother, yet so long as he pities not himself, but keepeth that bloody Perez, yea as a coach companion and bed companion, a proud, profane, costly fellow, whose being about him I verily fear the Lord God doth mislike, and doth less bless your brother in credit and otherwise in his health, surely I am utterly discouraged, and make conscience further to undo myself to maintain such wretches as he is, that never loved your brother but for his own credit, living upon him.'—Birch's *Elizabeth*, v. i. p. 143."—*Nicolas*.

[Don Antonio Perez must be distinguished from Antonio, claimant to the Crown of Portugal, with whom he is frequently confused.]

furnished) who were coming from about Navarina and Modone in Negropont, with purpose, as they understood by some prisoners, to set upon them: so as some great matters are expected upon their meeting. They have before their going out, taken two English ships and three other Dutch and French. The fame of the Turk's huge preparations by land doth every day decrease, by reason of the great famine and mortality in the camp; and little matter's feared this year, except he winter, as he hath given out, in Hungary. Vienna hath been lately reviewed, the fortifications repaired, and the suburbs made defensible, and a new garrison and provision put into it to prevent the worst. The Prince of Transylvania is strong in the field. The Imperials are said to have lately taken Hatvan, though with some loss, whereby the passage is opened into Transylvania, to be able to conjoin their forces upon any occasion. The League between the Polacks and Imperials, after so long motioning, handling, and noising weekly, standeth yet in very doubtful terms, the Polacks demanding the Archduke Maximilian's absolute renunciation of all pretences to their crown, and divers other hard conditions, before they will enter into the treaty of the League; and the other loth to grant them till the conclusion. Here are divers rumours of our fleet, of which every man's mouth is filled, but nothing of certainty. Of other matters nearer

home, you are there more truly advertised therein, and again I humbly take my leave.”¹

Francis Davison's hopes of procuring advancement were anchored on the Earl of Essex. It was for the Earl's perusal that the “Relation of Saxony” was sent to Anthony Bacon. In October, 1596, young Davison had the satisfaction of hearing from his father that Bacon had submitted the “Relation” to Essex; and he expressed his gratitude to Bacon in the following terms:—

“To my honorable good Friend Mr. Anthony
Bacon, Esquire at Essex House.

SIR,

Your great deserts towards me words cannot express, nor thanks cannot repay: and therefore, having so kind and honorable a creditor, I am willing, being already indebted past likelihood of answering, to engage myself far beyond all possibility of restoring.

I am exceedingly glad to understand by my father's last letter, that you were not contented to have bestowed the reading upon my trifling Relation of Saxony, and these undeserving commendations wherewith your kind letter to me overflowed,

¹ Add. MS. 4121, f. 127. (Birch's transcript; the original is at Lambeth Palace.)

but that you would needs of especial favour vouchsafe to present it yourself to my noble Lord. I hope, that as many men bear with the imperfections of their servants for their sake by whom they were preferred, so his Lordship hath excused the faults and defects thereof, for the great favour and respect he beareth to you, that recommended it. I send you here enclosed a letter of congratulations to his Lordship. I beseech you, Sir, that as it hath no less need of your recommendation than the other, so it may find you no less willing justly to excuse this, than you were ready undeservedly to praise that. Yourself best knows how unaccustomed my pen is to write to so great persons, especially on a subject where the matter so far exceedeth the style; and the true greatness of my inward joy hindreth the effectual expressing of my outward rejoicing.

I am ashamed of myself that I have no new relation or discourse ready, of some of these parts of Italy, whereby I might both have testified my duty to his Lordship and made some amends for the errors and oversights of the last. But the uncertainty of his Lordship's coming home, and some indisposition that I have had of late, have constrained me (much against my desire) to take a longer date. I trust my noble Lord will no more decrease his wonted favour to my unworthy self for neglecting or delaying some necessary offices and services,

than my devotion to his Lordship, being only founded upon his excellent virtue and worth, can receive increasing by the augmenting of his honour or fortune. I am now in a private corner of Tuscany, where there is little news stirring, and therefore I hope you will expect the less. If any thing fall out worthy the advertisement, you shall from time to time hear of it. I humbly entreat you to commend me in all dutiful and mindful sort to your honorable brother, Mr. Francis Bacon; and so wishing both yourself and him all deserved good fortune and worthy advancement, I kiss your hands. Yours most humbly to command and dispose of,

FRA. DAVISON.

From Lucca, the 16th of
October, 1596, *Stilo Novo*.”¹

The stiff and laboured letters to Bacon are not fair specimens of Francis Davison's epistolary style. He was cramped and uncomfortable in his correspondence with Bacon; but his vivacity and shrewdness are shown to advantage in the following letter to his father (dated 27 October—6 November, 1596).

“My most humble duty premised, Sir, your last letter of the 11th of September, to Mr. Smith, hath acquainted me with news, and wrought effects so contrary to my expectation, as I almost know not

¹ Add. MS. 4121, f. 265.

what to write: not so much for your discontent towards me, for that I would hope by good actions to remove; nor for your abstaining upon that respect to write to me, for I assure myself you would not long dwell in so bitter an humour: nor yet for the pretended cause to which you attribute it, namely, my indiscreet and immoderate expenses, for that I could easily either excuse or amend: but for those other matters you mention, which may, and that most justly, give you such great cause of inward discontent. Miserable estate of times, and more miserable estate of men that live in them, where great virtue is a man's ruin; either none, or else ill merits, the high way to advancement; and a man's noblest and most glorious actions nothing but weights to thrust down himself and his friends, and bring up his enemies in the balance of his prince's favour. But my noble Lord,¹ I doubt not, being rooted in her Majesty's favour and countenance, by so great an enterprise as this his journey hath fallen out to be, will be able himself to ride out both this and any other storm, as well as he hath done those heretofore. But whether he shall be able to bring in any of his friends to strengthen him (of which all the world thinks he hath need) or keep out his greatest enemies, who will seek by all possible means to overthrow him, I now neither see nor hope for. I write perhaps more liberally

¹ The reference is to Essex and the Cadiz expedition.

than the dangers letters are subject to would permit ; but where good words will prevail nothing, nor ill can reduce a man into worse estate than he is in, there is both want of judgment and liberty not to disburthen his own passions. Without question, my Lord's fortune is hard, and his enemies' estate most fortunate. If my Lord break their necks as nature hath broke their backs,¹ they may comfort their fall with the nobleness of the author, and his arch enemy² may glory in himself that *Æneæ magna dextra cadit*. But what glory shall it be to him, that hath so notably beaten the greatest monarch of the world at his own door, to cut off such a viper's tail, or, being a Hercules, to beat a Pigmy? But if he be vanquished, (*quod Deus omen avertat!*) without question all the world shall never make me confess but that bumbasted legs³ are a better fortification than bulwarks ; and St. Gobbo a far greater and more omnipotent saint than either St. Philip or St. Diego.

For your self, I doubt not but that you bear this

¹ A sneer at Sir Robert Cecil's bodily infirmities. (So again with "arch enemy" and "St. Gobbo." *Ital.* "gobbo" = hunch-back.)

² In Birch's transcript (Add. MS. 4122) after the words "arch enemy" is added by way of explanation, between brackets, "made like an arch." The bracketed words were, I suppose, inserted by Birch and did not form part of the original letter.

³ Burleigh was suffering from gout.

accident with your wonted resolute constancy and virtuous magnanimity, as I seek, with that poor revenge which words afford,¹ to sweeten the bitterness of my mind. I pity poor Cambridgeshire ; I lament our court, and I wish the amendment of your fortune ; and I only sustain my burthenous hope with this, that *tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore ruant*.

Touching our expenses, I can write no more than I have done. You must needs consider we are three fed, three lodged, three clothed, three taught,² three that travel, three that must have somewhat more than meat in our mouths and clothes on their backs ; and in sum, I protest to you, considering how sicknesses, inconveniences, misfortunes, and I know not what, hath fallen out, I do not see how we can help it.

My promised relation of Tuscany your last letter hath so dashed, as I am resolved not to proceed withal, till I hear how his Lordship accepted the last, and what favour this is like to expect. In the mean time I go on with my studies, contenting myself with the profit and use I make, without displaying it to others.

Touching our journey, Mr. Smith hath written

¹ Nicolas reads "offered," but has a footnote, "Query—afford." In Add. MS. 4122, the reading is clearly "afford."

² The words "three taught," are omitted in Add. MS. 4122 ; but they are given by Nicolas, who doubtless found them in the original letter. (In other trifling particulars Nicolas' text differs from Birch's transcript.)

sufficiently, considering what I have written heretofore; only for our seeing Vienna and that part of Hungary, and so the Emperor's court, etc., I am exceeding not only willing but desirous, if so it please you to allow the charge, which in truth will be very great. But I hope you will rest satisfied with this, that whosoever, being a traveller, will feed his eyes and his mind, must starve his purse. If you resolve of that course, I desire you not only to procure me those letters of commendations which I mentioned for France, but others also to the Emperor's court; if it be possible, to the Duke of Saxony's, the Count Palatine's, the Duke of Wirtemberg, to Strasburg, etc., of which in my next I will advise you more certainly and particularly.

Mr. Archer¹ sent me word from Nuremberg long since, that he would be at Venice about the midst of the last month; but as yet I hear nothing of him, though I have sent two or three letters thither in my stead, to entertain him and give him knowledge where I am.

There is one Mr. Cranmer² some 10 days since

¹ "Apparently Henry Archer, who was his fellow-student of Gray's Inn, into which Society he was admitted in 1586."—*Nicolas*.

² "In a letter which is extant from John Carpenter, the husband of Secretary Davison's sister, dated 7th October, 1586, addressed to the Secretary, Carpenter speaks of his *brother Cranmer*, to whom he had written touching his resolution for his son *George*. It was probably this George Cranmer who is mentioned above."—*Nicolas*.

arrived at Florence, but whether it be Mr. George or another of that name, that was likewise expected, I yet know not.

News there is this ; this day sennight the father and the eldest son of the Interminelli, of whom I sent you inkling before my coming from Florence, were publicly beheaded here in the Piazza. They spake nothing in the world to the people. The old father died much more resolutely than the Doctor of Law, his son, though he had that miserable disadvantage to behold his son dead upon the scaffold when he came to the place of execution. The gates of the town all shut but one, and that very strongly guarded ; five-hundred soldiers in the town, two-hundred usual, the rest sent for on purpose. The walls, which are very well fortified, well guarded, and all the ordnance bent. The cause objected (for in matters of state they have a public judgment or sentence read) for that he would have sold the right and patents of divers castles now in the hands of the Signoria, which he claimeth from his supposed ancestor, Castruchio ; as some say, to Capone ; as others affirm, to Cavalier Vinta ; but, as all men affirm, to the use indeed of the Great Duke, to whom the Emperor should have confirmed the sale and privileges. The Pope, as is given out, understanding of the practice, bewrayed it, as one between whom and the Great Duke there is no good intelligence. The Duke resteth much distasted withal,

as a matter that toucheth him both in honour and interest ; and which is most strange, though two thirds, if not three fourths of the gentlemen of this town, who are only capable of office, being allied unto him, yet so dear a thing is public liberty, so much doth the bond of a man's country exceed all others, of one-hundred and thirty voices he had not above twelve for the saving of his life, nor almost any friend that blames the justice, or laments his end.

Since his execution his other two sons that were in prison, the eldest being a priest, is said to be strangled this night privately in prison ; the other, a fine young gentleman of seventeen years old, and altogether innocent of the fact and consent, mured up in prison. The other brother, who was in Antwerp at the taking of his father, and thought to have been fled into England, is now taken, as I am lately informed, and on the way to be brought hither, to receive such punishment as the rest : their goods and houses confiscated and sold : the table of their genealogy, most sumptuous, and esteemed at 500 crowns, burnt ; and so consequently, not only the house utterly extinct, of which none were left but he and his children, being the ancient and noblest of all the silkwinders and sellers of thread, but even the memory thereof clean defaced.

This other news is of much greater importance, if I could inform it as particularly ; which is, that there are, some ten days since, six Englishmen

shipped at Leghorn for Spain, lately come from Rome, and all sworn to kill the Queen. The one calleth himself Bauchling, or Barber, or Barker, a Lincolnshire man, and sometime a Bachelor of Arts in Corpus Christi College in Oxford; one Fercox, son to a mercer in Cheapside; and the other four whose names I know not. I doubt not but they have one false brother at least amongst them, who will so behave himself, as I shall have no need either to *Informare* or *Topliffizare*,¹ being an office to which I have no great stomach.

Our last advices mention the winning of Agria by the Turk, but no particulars thereof. I beseech you pardon my scribbling, since the time will permit no copying. If you think any of these news worthy, I pray you communicate it with Mr. Anth. Bacon, to whom I account myself exceedingly beholden.

I beseech you, Sir, not to leave our bills either unaccepted or unanswered; for if the merchants should thereupon refuse me, I know not what would become of us. And I assure you, you may much easlier rest discontented with our expenses than we abate them.

Besides my letter to Mr. Anth. Bacon, of the 21st of September, I sent another the last post but

¹ "Alluding to a Mr. Topcliffe who had rendered himself notorious by his discovery of Papists."—*Nicolas*.

one, and with it a letter of congratulation to my Lord, to whom I wish, though so honorable it cannot be, yet as full and absolute victory over his private enemies as against the public foes of the state. If the letter fall not out to your liking, excuse it by the divers matters I have to attend unto: writing, speaking, and reading Italian; desiring to frame an indifferent style in English; especially having so often occasion of undergoing so great and curious eyes; reading story and policy; observing what I hear and see; and, which is the greatest labour, to dispose all of it so as other men may understand of my knowledge, and find that perhaps in half an hour that cost me half a week.

I beseech you, Sir, remember my most humble duty to my mother, and my brothers and sisters, and to keep me in your good grace and favour, which, except it be by my expenses, which I cannot remedy, I know not that I have deserved to lose. And so with my humble prayers to God for your health and contentment, I end. Lucca, the 6th of November, *Stilo Novo*, 1596.

Your most loving and obedient son,

FRA. DAVISON." ¹

A fortnight afterwards he sent another long and entertaining letter to his father:—

¹ Add. MS. 4122, f. 35.

“To the R^t Hon^{ble} and my very good Father,
Mr. Secretary Davison, at his House
at Stepney, near London.

My most humble duty premised, Sir, your last letter of the 11th of September, I answered by the last post but one, and sent you such small news as this private Commonwealth and the retiredness of the place afforded. My other discourse, or rather descant upon the ill news of your letter, if it seemed unworthy your eyes, both for the general reverence of your sometime respected and honored person, and particular respect which is to be used to a loving and grave father, and indiscreet, considering the peril that letters are subject unto, I hope you have rather laughed at my folly than condemned my judgment.

The last news of the overthrow which the Imperials and the Transylvanians have received of the Turk, I doubt not but you shall hear of before this letter come to your hands. We hear in this place that they have lost 20,000 men. Maximilian fled one way and the Prince another, and the whole camp dispersed; and the Turk followeth the victory, making up to Vienna; which if he go forward withal, and set himself down with resolution to take it, I protest to you I repose so little upon that nation, that I assure myself, that if either God's providence or the unseasonableness of the year, divert him not, our journey to Vienna and that part of Hungary, will be utterly laid a-water.¹ Sir, by

¹ “Laid a-water”—upset.

my poor observation 'since I came into Italy, I have always found that the Turks die in writing,¹ and the Christians in effect. You will not perhaps believe it, but by the particular account by the almanack I have kept, I have found that there have perished, within these twelve months, at the least 350,000 Turks by the edge of the Christians' sword and some small famine; whereas, indeed, I think there have not been lost, by all means, 40,000, nor, to speak with the most, 30,000; or, if our advices be true, I think they are all Hydras, since, the more still are dead, the more they rise up in number, and the more terrible in effect. I doubt not but you in England do not greatly either respect or greatly trouble yourselves about it, since, perhaps, you may imagine, and not without some cause, that it will force the great king to employ some forces and more measures to the defence of the House of Austria, which should otherwise have been destined to wreak his revengeful malice up with the little triumphant island. But we here in Italy, that know how open the passage lies, if Vienna be taken, do fear the damasks, satins, and cloth of gold, will find a much worse vent than they have. But I would easily, out of this country, pick out an army of fat idle priests, friars, and others of that rabblement, that, if they could handle a sword as

¹ Nicolas makes the passage unintelligible by reading "arising." Birch's transcript plainly gives "writing."

well as a cross, or marshal a battle in as good order as a procession, or carry an helmet to as good purpose in an army, as their shaven crowns support a mitre with proud superstition at a mass, were able to drive away three armies of Turks, and conquer two kingdoms of Hungary. I do hope they will one day be put to that profession, for I am sure to this they were neither created by nature nor are accommodated by art.

But to leave this as a matter further off, I have very desirously expected some other letters from you these last two weeks, to understand more fully in what state things stand at home. I doubt not but long since my noble Lord hath waded through all displeasures, and is arrived on the *terra firma* of his former grace and favour. But yet would I very gladly be resolved of it, and have it confirmed by yourself, so much honoured by him and so exceedingly revered of me. On the other side, I am afraid that the late instalment and canonization of the venerable saint,¹ so contrary to so many promises, oaths, and protestations, after so long expectation of the world, and so many prayers and wishes to the contrary of all men, hath made

¹ In his former letter Francis Davison ironically referred to Sir Robert Cecil as "St. Gobbo" (p. xxix.). There had been a struggle between William Davison (supported by Essex) and Sir Robert Cecil for the office of Secretary of State. The Cecils triumphed.

many that stood indifferent before, now to bend their heads like bulrushes with the wind, and, as the proverb is, run with the stream. But yet I infinitely long to understand whether this, added to so many other former afflictions, have made you remit any of that former patience and magnanimity which have been to you no less honor and reputation in your hardest fortune than your moderation made you revered in your greatest prosperity.

I would also (and I think not without cause, being so much interested in it) marvellously gladly know whether you find as much mutability in those few friends which were left as you have experienced variety in your fortune, and what effects of hopes and despair do offer themselves to be considered of. I assure myself that you will presently answer me, that I rather demand these things for advice and discourse sake than that I have either heretofore sought to meet with such not unexpected occasions, or will hereafter conform my mind to my fortune, but cut my coat to the narrowness of my cloth. First, for the times past, I should do both you and myself wrong, to excuse all my expenses and charges I have put you to these two or three years, and sure you should do me some injustice (if I may so say) to condemn me altogether of unthriftiness, especially since my coming abroad. For the time to come, though I assure you that no incident of this nature in the

world can either pull down my mind or abate my hope, or till [kill?] my assurance that so, I may say, infinite deserts as yours shall not one day, whensoever it shall fall out, receive their due recompense, and that this low ebb of your fortune will, without question, at one time or other, so return to, if not a high, yet indifferent flow; yet, till better effects or greater hopes draw me on, I will now be content to dance a low drowsy galliard to so sullen a piping as the great minstrel of the world, Dame Fortune, makes. And as in this poor country we are content, by reason of the dearth, to eat chesnuts instead of marmalade, so since there is such a dearth of friends and favour in England, and that Sicilia, that was wont to be *hordeum populi Romani*, and the magazine of Italy, doth now pile all up within her own barns, and suffer no other countries living about her (perhaps as well deserving) to partecipate of her fruitful, fertile, immeasurable abundance, I will now conclude that *cedendum est temporis*, and that *non si fa ben par huom quel ch'il ciel nega*. But, Sir, I would to God I could perform this in effect, as determine it in mind, or promise it in words. I have in so many letters heretofore given you reason of our expenses, as I may well often redouble the same, but more and newer arguments I cannot bring. Something may be perhaps out, if by exceeding sparefulness and limited squared expenses on all occasions; but both

your purpose and mine own desires being, as I think, not to save so much a few crowns for the present, (for that, surely no place were so fit as a retired life at home) as to enable myself to be worthy to spend much more in the time hereafter, and that which I overspend in money to overgain in knowledge,—I cannot see how much can be diminished howsoever, except you mean to ruin us altogether, and to bring us to those straits that we have been once or twice at already, and other men feel daily. We must entreat you to justify our bills and maintain our credits here entire abroad, howsoever you dislike the expenses ; for the least word of yours, and the least dislike, may perchance reduce us to those extremities that were very unfitting either for your honour or our merits. And, to tell you the truth, I wish with all my heart that your leaving our bills unpaid (as you mention) do not give us a very present experience of it ; for we have written, both of us, both to Hickman and Higgons, twice for sundry supplies, and the time is past that the last letters might have been answered. As yet we can hear nothing in the world, one way or other. I doubt not but, if they rest never so little distasted, they will soon discontinue to supply us ; and yet we shall never know the cause of it : but pretending either ignorance of our desires or to be unadvertised by our supposed miscarried letters, we shall live in want, a thing hard to bear at home, but insupport-

able abroad. And I protest, if we hear not from one of them within these fifteen days, I cannot tell what shift we shall be put to, or how we shall wade out of them, or whether we shall find other men as able and willing to pleasure us in our extremity as perhaps we have been favorable to some in their like wants.

If you please to determine our journey to Vienna, and though I imagine I shall be indifferently welcome to those Princes' courts through which I passed at my coming into Germany into Italy, yet, if you can conveniently, I would gladly be very favorably recommended to the Emperor's court, and, if it be possible, to the Duke of Wirtemberg, the Commonwealth of Strasburg, and to Geneva, if I take the way of France, which I most affect; if that of the Low Countries (which I dislike very much), the Landgrave of Hesse. If I have occasion or opportunity to see more, I know that the commendations to these, or the most of these, will be able to procure me infinite recommendations to any other.

The other, no less essential or material point, is, that if you would be content to take such order for our provision of money, I beseech you to give order to Hickman or Higgons at Venice, Mr. Granger at Nuremberg, (for that way we must pass, or so near as his favour may pleasure us) and some French merchants at Genoa, that whatsoever fall

out, we be not driven to sell ourselves to buy a little experience. For all matters after we are come into France I have written exceedingly largely heretofore, and being so near and among our friends, as I hope, we may send to hear oftener, and presume more upon other men's kindness.

Touching giving some proof to yourself and others, whether I have made the same use of our travel in Italy that it pleased you to think I did in Germany, I have gathered and observed divers particulars, both of Tuscany and some other places, which I forbear to reduce into an absolute discourse before I hear how my Lord accepted of my other; whensoever I hear of his favoring of that, I doubt not but to give you and his Lordship sufficient satisfaction. But you know the old rule, *haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat res angusta domi*; and not only in money but in credit, hope, reputation, and assurance of some kind of recompense of all their pains. A letter from his Lordship would be exceeding welcome, and might work extraordinary effects, coming from so extraordinary a person to an ordinary subject as I confess myself to be.

Mr. George Cranmer and the gentleman whom he accompanies, have been at Florence, and are now gone to Vienna, but I never heard from him either by letter or word of mouth, whereat, considering he could not be ignorant where I was,

being but 40 miles from Florence, I take some unkindness.

Of my dear friend Harry Archer, I have understood nothing a long time, (at which I marvel exceedingly) and the day that he proposed to his coming into Italy is long since past. I fear that either sickness, or some other accident of importance, hath kept both me from enjoying, and him from imparting, that comfort and profit that I think we should both receive from one another's company and presence.

Here hath been of late with the Great Duke, Sir Richard Fiennes¹ (for whose restoring to an old undeserved barony I remember you were a suitor at your being at court) with infinite dishonour to the Queen and eternal infamy to himself. He had letters patents, *secundum usum Sarum*, to all princes, for his favorable entertainment, which how he used among the Dutch princes where he was, I know not. I think answerable to the L. with

¹ "Sir Richard Fiennes was the heir of James Fiennes, who was summoned to Parliament as Lord Say and Sele, in the 25 Hen. VI. ; and the Barony so created was, according to modern principles, then vested in Sir Richard, and which dignity he claimed. He was not, however, allowed it until the accession of James the First, when he obtained a confirmation of the title to him and the heirs of his body, though, as he was placed in the House of Peers as junior baron, it would seem that he was then considered to have been *created* rather than *restored* to the Peerage."—*Nicolas*.

whom he came over to the Landgrave's, of whom we have heard many dishonorable particulars, and you will know more. But here it hath procured him so few loaves of stale bread, a pair of cold pigeons, &..... his charges for which, notwithstanding, he taketh himself much beholding to one of the Duke's secretaries, who promised him that favour; and he hath promised in sign of gratefulness, to send him one of his sons for a page. Much like entertainment to this he hath also of the of Venice, and the D. of Ferrara. You may see by these things how little care is taken of her Majesty's honor and the glory of our noble country. But these matters are both scanned and descanted upon by others, though they be but private and particular; and I assure you the Great Duke stuck not to censure our public actions with as much liberty, having publicly affirmed that, if all the rest had been like the Earl's, nay more, if the Empress of the ocean had not been betrayed, the great Iberian king had received no golden merchandize this year.¹ But of these things sufficient, and perhaps more than will be either pleasing to you or oversafe for myself.

If there come to you from Mr. Granger, or any

¹ After the taking of Cadiz, the Earl of Essex had been anxious to intercept the Indian fleet on its homeward voyage, but he was overruled by the Council of War.

of his partners, a bill of exchange from me, of the 18th or 26th of July, or thereabouts, for the sum of about £30 sterling, received at Florence of one Luca Torsigiani, and payable at double usance, I beseech you to see it discharged. The reason why it cometh signed with my hand alone, is because the bill being given and directed in my name alone, I thought it very unfit, especially receiving it of a stranger, to join another's patent with me for it. I shall not need to put you in mind how much it imports your honor and my credit, being recommended unto him by my Lord, to see him well satisfied, and to except the less of it for being signed only by me. I have forborne to advertise you of it before this time, because the day was so far off. I beseech you, Sir, not only to persuade but assure yourself ever, that though I may seem more unthrifty in my expenses than you expect or your estate may well bear, and in my letters perhaps more humourous than your judgment or my duty will allow, yet I rest as loving and respectful a son, and as desirous to give you all possible content and satisfaction, as any other son whatsoever to so good and kind a father. I entreat you to remember my humble duty to my mother, and to continue me still in her good favour, which I exceedingly desire to retain, and, for any thing I know, have not any way extraordinarily deserved to lose.

I would desire you to give your absolute resolution, and to give such an answer to this letter, and such order to the matters therein mentioned, as soon after this comes to your hands as you can conveniently for howsoever you determine our journey, but especially if for Vienna. I purpose to be going out of Italy as soon as the sharpness of the winter will give me leave, which perhaps may be about the midst or end of February ; but I am afraid that it will be the middle or end of March, for as I found last year by experience, and understand by common voice, the winter falls out much sharper after Christmas than before, especially upon all those mountains either towards France or Hungary, so as there is no good travelling till the end of March or beginning of April. But if it please you to resolve as, and to give order and perfection to matters, we shall be at Venice to take the first opportunity, and to work upon the advantage of the year as it shall fall out.

And so desiring the continuance of your favour, the excuse of my follies, and to be recommended to Mr. Anthony and Mr. Francis Bacon, Mr. Wade, and the rest of my dear and honorable friends, and lastly to my beloved sisters and brothers, I humbly take my leave, with my prayers for your help and preservation. Lucca, the 20th of November, 1596, *stilo novo*.

Your most obedient loving son,

FRA. DAVISON.

The true name of one of these six unnatural Englishmen which I mentioned in my last, is Alexander Fairclothe, as I have since understood by a letter intercepted by a friend of mine."¹

Francis Davison was anxious to have an autograph letter from Essex,—something that he could show with pride. He had, it is clear, some difficulty in pacifying his creditors abroad; and he thought that they would be more lenient towards him if he could convince them that he was under the patronage of the powerful earl. On 24th November, 1596, Anthony Bacon wrote to explain that Essex had been suddenly called away to the sea-coast and would not have a moment of leisure until his return. At length, on 8th January, 1596-7, the long-expected letter was despatched:—

“The Earl of Essex to Mr. Francis Davison,
in Italy.

If this letter do not deliver to you my very affectionate wishes, and assure you that I am both careful to deserve well, and covetous to hear well of you, it doth not discharge the trust I have committed unto it. My love to your worthy father, my expectations that you will truly inherit his virtues, and the proof I have seen of your well spend-

¹ Add. MS. 4122, f. 103.

ing your time abroad, are three strong bands to tie my affections unto you. To which, when I see added your kindness to myself, my reason tells my heart it cannot value you or affect you too much. You have laid so good a foundation of framing yourself a worthy man, as if you now do not perfect the work, the expectation you have raised will be your greatest adversary. Slack not your industry in thinking you have taken great pains already. *Nusquam enim nec opera sine emolumento, nec emolumentum sine impensa opera est. Labor voluptasque dissimilia natura, societate quadam naturali inter se conjuncta sunt.* Nor think yourself anything so rich in knowledge or reputation as you may spend on the stock; for as the way to virtue is steep and craggy, so the descent from it is headlong. It is said of our bodies that they do *lente augescere et cito extinguuntur*; it may be as properly said of the virtues of our minds. Let your virtuous father, who in the midst of his troubles and discomforts hath brought you by his care and [charge] to that which you are, now in you receive perfect comfort and contentment: learn *virtutem ab illo, fortunam ab aliis*. I write not this suspecting that you need to be admonished, or as finding myself able to direct; but as he, that, when he was writing, took the plainest and naturest style of a friend truly affected to you: receive it therefore, I pray you, as a pledge of more love than I can now

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shew you ; and so desiring nothing more than to hear often from you, I wish you all happiness, and rest,

Your ever affectionate and assured friend,

ESSEX.

Whitehall, 8th Jan., 1596." ¹

We have no further information about Davison's travels ; it is supposed that he returned towards the end of 1597. In Harl. MS. 298, fol. 154, etc., is preserved—in his own handwriting—"A Note of all the Relations which I carried into France, both mine own and Mr. Wroath's," from which it appears that he went copiously provided with Italian politico-historical treatises. On the next leaf in the MS. is a list ² of French books that belonged to Davison. As one of the books is "*Les Œuvres du S^r Renyer Nepheu de feu M^r Desportes*," the list must have been drawn up long after Davison's return from Italy ; for Desportes died in October, 1606, and the first edition of

¹ Harl. MS. 1323, f. 248. (Printed, not quite accurately, by Nicolas.)

² Printed, very inaccurately, by Nicolas. Among the books are "*Tragedies de Mont-Chrestien*," "*Les Œuvres Poétiques du Sieur de la Bergerie*" (Gilles Durant), "*Les Travaux sans travail du Sieur d'Aviti*," "*Recueil des Œuvres du S^r Bertault*," "*Le Livre du S^r Turquet de Mayerne*," "*Le Tombeau des heretiques, livre excellent*," etc. Only a few of the entries are in Davison's handwriting.

Regnier's satires did not appear until 1608. On another slip are the following notes in Davison's handwriting:—

" PAPERS LENT.

†A great book of Instructions, to y^e L. Zouche.
 †Sir Henry Savile's Oration to y^e Queen at Oxford
 in Latine and English.—The Bishop of Oxford.
 Grayes In Sportes [*i.e.*, *Gesta Grayorum*, 1594]
 under Sir Henry Helmes.—Eleaz Hodgson.
 †My L. of Salisburie's Negotiation in } Mr. H. Bing.
 France. }
 Tables of Councill by Dr. Bing. } Idem.
 John Dun's ¹ Satyres.—My br. Christopher.
 BARONAGIUM ANGLIÆ.² Doctor Mondfort.
 My Discourse of Saxony. }
 My L. of Essex his l're to me. } Mons^r de la Faille.
 Rime et Satire d'Ariosto.—S^r John Constable.

REMEMBRANCES.

All my books and papers wth my brother [brother-in-law] Duncom hath. Among wth specially
 The great French Bible,

¹ Early MS. copies of Donne's Satires are very common.

² "It is very probable that the MS. thus described is now extant in Harl. MSS. 304, f. 102, *et seq.*, for that volume contains several papers apparently in Francis Davison's autograph; and among other documents is an account of the *Baronage of England*, early in the reign of James I., which in some places contains additions in a hand very like the Poet's."—*Nicolas*.

Tremellius' Bible,¹
Thevet's Cosmography, 2 vols.
Parson's Answer to y^e L. Cook,
Cōmines.

PAPERS.

My Father's Apology.
†His Answer at y^e Star-Chamber.
†Sir Henry Savile's Discourse of y^e Union.
Instructions for Ireland.
Tables of Counsell. By Dr. Bing.
†Discourses about y^e Sc. Q. [Mary, Queen of
Scots.]

MANUSCRIPTS TO GET.

Letters of all sorts, especially by y^e late E. of Essex.
 Orationes, Apologies, Instructions, Relations.
 Sports, Masks, and Entertayn- { late Queen.
 ments, to y^e { The King, etc.
 Emblemes & Impresaes. Qy. Those in White-
 hall Gallery.
 Anagrams.

POEMS of all sorts { Divine.
Humane.

**Psalmes by y^e Countes of Pembroke. Q^{re}. If
they shall not bee printed.**

1 On the other side of the page is a note—

"Tremellius' Bible }
 1 Part of Livy, French } My br. Christopher."

Psalmes by Joshua Silvester.

Psalmes by Sir John Harrington and Joseph Hall.

Satyres, Elegies, Epigrams, etc., by John Don. Q^m.
some from Eleaz. Hodgson,¹ and Ben Johnson.

Poems by Ben Johnson.

Hen. Constable's 63 Sonnets.

WRITTEN BOOKS, DISCOURSES.

A great Book of Instructions.

My B^r Duncom.—Officers of y^e Crown of England
and their fees.

D^r Mondford.—Baronagium Angliæ.

Genealogies des Maisons Illustres du Pays
Bas.

A great Booke of Irish Discourses.

Certayne Bandes of y^e Estates to y^e Queen, in
a Booke.

A Booke of Recusants.

Certain Irish l^res in f^o.

Extract of y^e Booke of Instruction, 4^o.

¹ "Of the poetical productions of this individual, nothing is known, nor is his name even mentioned by Ritson or Philips. It would appear that he was a fellow student in Gray's Inn of Francis Davison's. Some account of him will be found in Bliss, Wood's *Fasti Oxonienses*, vol. i., pp. 328, 365."—*Nicolas*. But does Davison say that Hodgson wrote poetry? I take the meaning to be that he was anxious to procure from Hodgson and Ben Jonson MS. copies of Donne's unpublished satires, etc.

The Manner of Proceeding against y^e Queen
of Scotts.

Armes of y^e Nobillity & Gent. of Scotland, 8^o.

Q^{re}—

†Sir Tho. Smyth's Dialogue touching y^e Q
marriage, f.

†A relation of Spayne, f^o.

{	†A Discourse touching y ^e Mach. between y ^e D. of Norfolk & y ^e S. Q. †Hales his book for y ^e succession of y ^e Heyres of y ^e Fr. Queen. †Allegations for Mary Q. of Scotts.	}	4 th .
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Dialogue betwixt Browne & Fairfaxe touching
forren Birth,¹ 4^o.

Parte of Mr. Savil's translation of Tacitus, 4^o.

A Breef Demonstration of y^e State of England
& Wales, f^o.

Mr. Finche his Booke of Lawe, ould Edition,
4^o.

†Sophistica, by W. Bright, 8^{vo}.

Historye des Contes d'Egvemont, 4^o.

Q^{re} An Extract of Corcelles' Negociation in Scot-
land, 1586, f^o.

A devise for having a Marte Towne in Eng-
land, 1571, f^o.

¹ The well-known case of the "Post-Nati" in 1607 (the question whether, or no, persons born after the Union in Scotland were aliens in England). See Gardiner's *History of England*, vol. i., p. 331, etc.

Ralfe Lane's Relation of Virginia, f^o.

Agricolaes life by Mr. Savile, f^o.

D^r Hamon's dialogue touching y^e Justice of y^e

Sc. Queen Execution, f^o.

†The Bishop of Rosse's Oration to y^e Fr. K.

Henry 3, 1574, 4^o.

Certayne Councillors L^res & Instructions.

Ed. 6. f^o.

†Traicte de la France, 4^o.

Copy of certaine l^re to y^e Councell. W[illiam]

D[avison].

Notes touching y^e Q. Mariage wth M^r d'Anjou,

4^o.¹

In 1600 Davison wrote an "Answer to Mrs. Mary Cornwallis pretended Countess of Bath her Libel against the Countess of Cumberland; being a Defence of the Marriage of William Bourchier, third Earl of Bath, with Elizabeth Russell, Daughter of Francis Earl of Bedford." It is preserved in Harl. MS. 249, and has been printed by Nicolas. Mary Cornwallis claimed to be lawfully married to the Earl, and in 1580 entered a suit, which was decided against her, in the Ecclesiastical Court. The Earl, a person of weak intelligence, had gone through some form of marriage ceremony, but he had been well plied with wine beforehand, and did

¹ Another list of books is given in the next page of the MS., but it does not appear to be in Davison's handwriting.

not realize the situation. Although the marriage was set aside, Mary Cornwallis continued to the end of her days (she died in 1627), to style herself Countess of Bath. The "Libel" which she circulated does not appear to be extant. Davison's "Answer," which he left unfinished, was written to show his gratitude for favours received from the Russell family, "to which myself am specially obliged and have always vowed my poor duty and service."

In 1602 Davison issued the "Poetical Rhapsody," which was reprinted in 1608, 1611, and 1621. Chamberlain on 8th July, 1602, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, refers to its recent appearance:—"It seems young Davison means to take another¹ course and turn poet, for he hath lately set out certain Sonnets and Epigrams." (*Letters of John Chamberlain*, Camden Society, p. 146.) At the

¹ Nicolas suggests that the words "another course" mean a course other than the profession of the law, to which Davison had been brought up. But unquestionably the allusion is to Davison's relations with Sir Thomas Parry, who was about to start for Paris as English Ambassador. In an earlier letter Chamberlain announced that Davison was going as Parry's private secretary (*Letters*, p. 130). On 17th June, he wrote that Parry (with the object, it may be gathered, of reducing his expenses) had dismissed Davison; and on 8th July he informed Carleton that Parry had not yet started, and that "young Davison means to take another course."

close of the Preface to the "Rhapsody" Davison announced that he hoped to publish before long "some graver work." He may be referring to his metrical translation of the Psalms, which was never completed.¹ Or the "graver work" may be a projected "Relation of England," which is known to us only by some fragmentary MS. notes.²

Secretary Davison died about 21st December, 1608, leaving his eldest son, Francis, £100 per annum from the profits of the office of Custos Bre-vium of the King's Bench. On 25th July, 1607, James I. had consented to grant the office after Secretary Davison's death to George Byng, of Wrotham, Kent, and Henry Byng, of Gray's Inn, on trust, the profits to be applied to the payment of the Secretary's debts and the support of his children. By the terms of the will, Christopher Davison (the second son) was to execute the office when the debts and the daughters' portions had been

¹ Davison's translations of selected psalms are preserved in MS. See *Appendix* at the end of vol. ii.

² Preserved in Harl. MS. 304, f. 79. The notes appear to have been written between 1605 and 1612.—In 1603 Davison published a broadside collection of Latin anagrams on Sir Thomas Egerton (afterwards Lord Ellesmere), the Earls of Oxford, Southampton, Northumberland, etc., Sir George Carew, Sir Julius Caesar, etc. J. P. Collier possessed a copy which was supposed to be unique; see Hazlitt's *Bibliographical Collections*, 3rd Ser., and the sale-catalogue of Collier's library (August, 1884, No. 712).

paid, or security for the payment had been given. In March, 1609-1610, Christopher presented to Parliament the following petition :—

“ Queen Elizabeth, by letters patent, 19th January, 21 Eliz., granted to William Davison, Esquire, the office of Custos Brevium of the King's Bench, *habendum* after the death of one Richard Payne, then Clerk of the same office. The King's Majesty, after the death of the said Richard Payne, by his letters patent, 25 July, 5 Jac., confirmed and ratified the Queen's grant, and further (at the humble petition of the said William Davison) granted the reversion of the said office unto George Byng, of Wrotham in Kent, and Henry Byng of Gray's Inn, whose names he used in trust for the benefit of him and his children, and payment of his debts, the greatest part whereof was such debts as were owing to them. William Davison dieth, and (by his will in writing reciteth the said trust) willeth the said George Byng and Henry Byng, or one of them, to exercise his said office until his debts and daughters' portions be paid, and after such payment, or security put in for that purpose, to assign over the said office, with the execution thereof, to Christopher Davison, second son of the said William Davison. After the death of the said William Davison, George Byng and Henry Byng, by virtue of the letters patent, were sworn in and admitted. Since, Christopher

Davison hath offered payment of all sums of money and charges whatsoever to the Byngs, owing or by them disbursed, and to put in security for payment of the other debts, and whatsoever else is required by his father's will; upon performance of which, he desireth (according to his father's will) the said office to be assigned over unto him. Henry Byng, confessing the trust, is well contented; but George Byng, making many pretences, unconscionably refuseth. The humble suit of Christopher Davison unto the High Court of Parliament is, that, after satisfaction of all debts and demands to the said Byngs, and sufficient security put in for the payment of all other the creditors of his father (whom his special desire is to have satisfied), the said office may be settled upon him and his assigns, according to his father's will, during the lives of the said George Byng and Henry Byng, and the longer liver of them. The reason why he is driven to seek an Act of Parliament is, for that he must disburse so great sums of money to the Byngs, which they affirm to amount to £2000 and upwards, and besides to pay the debts of his father, being very great. All which he cannot furnish himself of without the help of his friends, whom (unless it be by Act of Parliament confirmed unto him) he cannot sufficiently secure, for that it is litigious whether the office be in the King's gift, or the Lord Chief Justice's. And the said office hath,

in like sort, been heretofore confirmed to one John Payne, by Act of Parliament, 33 Hen. VIII.

“1st. This is all the estate that William Davison hath left his children; and if they should be detained from it, they are all utterly undone.

“2nd. William Davison’s creditors, (which are many, and which, by his will, he desireth should be satisfied) by the course which George Byng holdeth (denying the trust) be all defrauded, when Christopher Davison will pay them all, according as his father hath appointed by his will.”¹

It is not known whether the petition was successful.

There is ground for believing that Francis Davison died in or before 1619; for in that year some of his MSS. (with state papers that had been in his father’s keeping) were in the possession of Ralph Starkey.² These MSS. afterwards came into the hands of Sir Symonds D’Ewes, and are now scattered among the Harleian MSS.³ in the British Museum.

¹ Lansdowne MSS. 91, f. 56. (Printed by Nicolas.)

² On 10th August, 1619, Sir Thomas Wilson was directed by the Privy Council to repair to Starkey’s lodging and seize all the documents that had been in Secretary Davison’s custody. (Harl. MS. 286, f. 160.)

³ Articles by Francis Davison are preserved in Harl. MSS. 249, 280, 290-1, 347, 541, 588. In Harl. MS. 347, f. 148, is preserved a poor acrostic on Francis Davison’s name, endorsed by him—“W. Fletcher’s acrosticke upon my name.”

Of Francis Davison's brothers little is known. Christopher, who presented the petition to Parliament, was admitted a member of Gray's Inn in 1597. Among Francis Davison's translations of the Psalms are two pieces by Christopher. William, the third son of Secretary Davison, is supposed to have died before 1608, as he is not mentioned in his father's will. Walter, the youngest son, born in 1581, was serving as a soldier in the Low Countries in 1602. His poems contributed to the "Rhapsody" were written (we are told in the Preface) before the age of eighteen. Secretary Davison also left two married daughters.

II. EDITIONS OF DAVISON'S "POETICAL RHAPSODY."

Of the first edition of the "Poetical Rhapsody" only one copy, unfortunately imperfect, is known. It is preserved in the Malone Collection, Bodleian Library. The title runs :—

A Poetical Rapsody Containing, Diuerse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigalls, and other Poesies, both in Rime, and Measured Verse. Neuer yet published.

*The Bee and Spidex by a diuerse power,
Sucke Hony and Poyson from the selfe same flower.*

Printed at London by V. S. for Iohn Baily, and are to be solde at his Shoppe in Chancerie lane, neere to the Office of the six Clarkes. 1602, 12mo.

The first edition was reprinted privately by J. P. Collier, (Part vii. of "Seven English Poetical Miscellanies," 1867, 4to.). I have used Malone's copy.

The second edition is very rare. It does not appear to be in any public library; but there is a copy in the Britwell Collection, and another in Mr. Locker-Lampson's library :—

A Poetical Rapsodie, Containing: Diuerse Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, Epigrams, Pastorals, Eglogues, with other Poems, both in Rime and Measured Verse. For Varietie and Pleasure, the like neuer yet published.

*The Bee and Spider by a diuerse power,
Sucke Hony and Poyson from the selfe same flower.*

London, Printed by Nicholas Okes for Roger Iackson dwelling in Fleetstreet neere the great Conduit. 1608, 12mo.

The third edition, 1611, 12mo, "Newly corrected and augmented," was "Printed by William Stansby for Roger Iackson." It is a book of some rarity.

In 1621, after Francis Davison's death, the fourth edition was published, with a new arrangement of the poems :—

Davisons Poems, or, A Poeticall Rapsodie. Deuided into sixe Bookes. The first, contayning Poems and Deuises. The second, Sonets and Can-

zonets. *The third, Pastoralls and Elegies. The fourth, Madrigalls and Odes. The fift, Epigrams and Epitaphs. The sixt, Epistles and Epithalamions. For variety and pleasure, the like neuer published.*

*The Bee and Spider by a diuers power,
Sucke hony and poyson from the selfe same flower.*

The fourth Impression, Newly corrected and augmented, and put into a forme more pleasing to the Reader. London, Printed by B. A. for Roger Iackson, 1621, 8vo.

The fourth edition is of little or no critical value. Not seldom the first edition preserves the true reading where later editions give a corrupt text. The additional poems introduced in the second edition are of much interest ; but the later additions in ed. 3. might well have been spared. Two wretched pieces (by an anonymous scribbler) were added in ed. 4 : I have relegated them to a footnote (p. lxxxvi). In eds. 2, 3, and 4, the Address to the Reader is followed by "An Alphabetical Table¹ of all the Sonnets, Odes, Poems, Madrigals, Epigrams, Elegies, Pastorals, Eclogues, Dialogues, Hymns, and Epitaphs, with all other the principal matters contained in this present volume." As the

¹ The Table was probably in ed. 1 ; but the leaves that would have contained it are wanting in Malone's imperfect copy.

Table (which is signed "D. P.") is a wholly useless encumbrance I have omitted it. I have prefixed a List of Contents to each volume, and have printed at the end of vol. ii. a List of First Lines of all the poems contained in the anthology.

In 1814 Sir Samuel Egerton Brydges issued an edition of the "Rhapsody" (Lee Priory Press) in three volumes, 8vo. An edition by Sir Harris Nicolas was published by William Pickering, 2 vols., 8vo, in 1826.

III. CONTRIBUTORS TO THE "POETICAL RHAPSODY."

In the address to the Reader Francis Davison writes:—"Being induced by some private reasons, and by the instant entreaty of special friends, to suffer some of my worthless poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my dear friends *Anonymoi* [so ed. 2, and later eds.; ed. 1. "my dear friend *Anomos*"], and my dearer Brother, bear them company: both without their consent, the latter being in the Low Country wars, and the rest utterly ignorant thereof. My friends' names I concealed; mine own and my brother's I willed the printer to suppress, as well as I had concealed the other: which he having put in without my privity, we must now undergo a sharper censure perhaps than our nameless works should have done, and I especially."

It was the fashion of the time to put forward apologies of this kind. They must not be taken too literally. Francis Davison wanted to see his own poems, and his brother Walter's, in print. Some of his friends' poems had also been placed at his disposal. The publication was to be anonymous; but the printer—without the editor's knowledge—mentioned names of poets who would have preferred to be nameless, and aggravated the offence by "the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this book) of divers things written by great and learned personages with our mean and worthless scribblings . . . either to grace the fore-front with Sir Philip Sidney's, and other names, or to make the book grow to a competent volume." Those who have made a study of Elizabethan poetry know that the old publishers were accustomed to submit to this form of rebuke. Poets constantly complained that their works were put to press without their sanction by unscrupulous publishers. Unquestionably some fastidious writers shrank from courting publicity; but usually the objection was not genuine,—mere mock-modesty.

In Malone's copy (the only extant copy) of the first edition of the "Rhapsody" some leaves have been lost immediately after the preface. The poems not found in ed. 1. are the "Twelve Wonders of the World" (i. 6-9), "A Lottery" (i. 10-17), "A Contention" (i. 18-28), and "The Lie" (i. 28-31).

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Sir John Davies wrote the first three pieces (of which the first and third are in his happiest manner); and the famous "Lie," which is anonymous in the "Rhapsody," may be assigned without hesitation to Sir Walter Raleigh, though the common belief that he wrote it on the night before his execution must be abandoned (for it was extant in MS. as early as 1596). The "Twelve Wonders" and "The Lie" may have been included in the first edition of the "Rhapsody." But the "Lottery" and "A Contention" must have first appeared in the second edition; for the "Lottery" formed part of an entertainment prepared for Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her visit to Harefield¹ in the summer of 1602, and "A Contention" was presented before her Majesty on 6th December, 1602, at Sir Robert Cecil's house in the Strand.² Both pieces were written after the publication of the first edition of the "Rhapsody."

"The Lie" is followed by "Two Pastorals never yet published" of Sir Philip Sidney.³ They are of interest as testifying to the warmth of his affection

¹ See footnote, i. 10.

² See note, ii. 179.

³ I must apologize for spelling the name sometimes "Sidney" and sometimes "Sydney" in the "Rhapsody." Again: I find that I have printed now "Sir John Davies" and anon "Sir John Davis." It would have been better to stick to "Sidney" and "Davies." In Davison's time the spelling of proper names was constantly varied; and I have been infected by the example of the old printers.

for Sir Edward Dyer and Sir Fulke Greville (who had it recorded on his monument that he was "friend to Sir Philip Sidney"), but they are not good specimens of his poetry.

The next poem, "It chanced of late a shepherd's swain" (i. 37), is signed "Anomos" in the first edition and is unsigned in later editions. In Harleian MS. 280, f. 102, etc., is preserved a list, in Francis Davison's handwriting, of the first lines of poems by a mysterious "A. W.", to whom "I chanced of late" is there ascribed. It will be seen from this list that "A. W." was the largest contributor to the "Rhapsody." I print the list here; the italicized lines belong to poems that are not in the "Rhapsody":—

Catalogue of all the Poems in Rhyme and Measured Verse by A. W.

In folio, written with the Author's own hand.

1. *I would not live and loth I am to die.*
2. *I love and hate the self-same thing.*
3. *The stronger foe the harder fight.*
4. A new-found match is made of late.
5. Ay me, poor soul, whom bound in sinful chains.
6. *Wail we the force of Juno's jealous spite.*
7. *So long I looked, and looked so long in vain.*
8. *I sought the thing I would not find.*
9. *My heavy thoughts are burdens to my breast.*
10. *The flowing wave with wind and tide up-cast.*
11. *The worthy knight with glory set on fire.*
12. Now have I learned with much ado at last.

13. Fair is thy face, and that thou knowest too well.
14. Oft have I mused, the cause to find.
15. When will the fountain of my tears be dry?
16. *The heathen gods for love forsook their state.*
17. Nay, nay, thou striv'st in vain, my heart.
18. *When climbing Phæbus near the middle way.*
19. Unhappy eyes, the causers of my pain.
20. When Venus saw Desire must die.
21. The summer sun that scalds the ground with
heat.
22. If love be life I long to die.
23. As soon may water wipe me dry.
24. *The more I have the more I still desire.*
25. Mine eyes have spent their tears and now are
dry.
26. Thine eyes so bright.
27. *The frame of heaven is out of frame.*
28. If my decay be your increase.
29. *Retire, my thoughts, my weary thoughts, retire.*
30. Fain would I learn of thee, thou murd'ring eye.
31. Sweet love, mine only treasure.
32. Rest, good my Muse, and give me leave to rest.
33. Desire and hope have moved my mind.
34. Eternal Time, that wastest without waste.
35. Wronged by Desire, I yielded to Disdain.
36. She only is the pride of Nature's skill.
37. How or where have I lost myself unhappy?~
38. Muse not, lady, to read so strange a metre.~
39. Hatred eternal furious revenge.~
40. The night, say all, was made for rest.
41. Wisdom warns me to shun that once I sought
for.~
42. Sweet thoughts, the food on which I feeding
sterve.

43. Time nor place did I want, what held me tongue-tied ? ~
44. If love be made of words as woods of trees.
45. I smile sometime amidst my greatest grief.
46. Some men, they say, are poets born by kind.
47. What moved me then ! Say, Love, for thou canst tell.
48. Thus am I free from laws that other bind.
- } Son. 3.
49. 'Twixt heat and cold, 'twixt death and life.
50. *Were my heart set to practise treachery.*
51. *What time Apollo Delphos isle forsook.*
52. All is not gold that shineth bright in show.
53. Cupid, at length I spy thy crafty wile.
54. *Fain would I speak that you might know.*
55. *I feed a fire within my breast.*
56. *Behold the tomb of him whom grief hath slain.*
57. If love be nothing but an idle name.
58. If means be none to end my restless care.
59. The fairest pearls that Northern seas do breed.
60. *In vain my Muse her feeble wings assays.*
61. *Fair May, the glory of the year.*
62. If Wrong by force had Justice put to flight.
63. Clear [?] your lids, unhappy eyes.
64. *Why gaze mine eyes with greedy sight.*
65. *To love it is a grievous pain.*
66. My wanton Muse that whilom wont to sing.
67. Ye walls that shut me up from sight of men.
68. Death is my doom, awarded by Disdain.
69. My Muse by thee restored to life.
70. *Wind out thy horn, my Muse, blow death and dire annoy.*
71. *Blow, fancy, blow, increase my hot desire.*

- 72. *The fearful kind whom greedy hounds pursue.*
- 73. Though late, my heart, yet turn at last.
- 74. *To him the honour of his kind.*
- 75. Though naked trees seem dead to sight.
- 76. The golden sun that brings the day.
- 77. My heart was found within my mistress' breast.
- 78. It chanced of late a shepherd's swain.
- 79. *Mine own dear F., sometime mine own and dear.*
- 80. *In vain I live since sorrow lives in me.*
- 81. Disdain that so doth fill me.
- 82. Who gives a gift to bind a friend thereby.

Out of Anacreon.

- 83. Of Atreus' sons fain would I write.
- 84. The bull by nature hath his horns.
- 85. Of late what time the bear turned round.

- 86.¹ If Stepdame Nature have been scant.

In the Loose Papers in 4°.

- 87. The freezing snake oppressed with heaped snow.
- 88. Break, heavy heart, and rid me of this pain.
- 89. *Oft have I tried and still I try in vain.*
- 90. Smooth are thy looks, so is the deepest stream.
- 91. *That others love that hate I most of all.*
- 92. Cambridge, worthy Philip, by this verse build thee an altar.~
- 93. *It was the time when winter's cold.*
- 94. *What is the cause why truth doth purchase foes?*

With the Answer.

¹ The line "If Stepdame Nature" is not numbered in the MS. The following lines are numbered "86," "87," etc. ("If Stepdame Nature" is not "out of Anacreon.")

95. *When wanton spring of childish Age was past.*
96. *All hail, all hail, to Goddess Juno's grace!*
97. *Lo, from the East, myrrh, gold, and spice they
bring.*
98. *The light that erst in Jewry shined alone.*
99. *Bright shines the sun ; play, Beggars, play.*
100. *What shall I think ? hath nature left her kind ?*
101. *Unhappy wretch, what joy remains for thee ?*
102. *The scorching fire of Phœbus' summer rays.*
103. *O trifling toys that toss the brain, while loath-
some life doth last !*
104. *All is but one and only one is all.*
105. *Sweet is the note of pleasant song.*
106. *Begin and half is done, yet half undone re-
mains.*
107. *Enough, enough, sweet love, I ask no more.*
108. *A pain I feel, but where I cannot tell.*
109. *My heavy heart, which grief and hope torment.*
110. *What shall I think, have dreams their force
indeed ?*
111. *Whilst others sleep their heavy heads to ease.*
112. *What new delight awakes my weary mind ?*
113. *The bird that serves old Saturn's graceless son.*
114. *It is but vain to hope for help I see.*
115. *I love to live because I live to love.*
116. *In happy time the wished fair is come.*
117. *Though lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall.*
Answer. [?]
118. *The love of change hath changed the world
throughout.*
119. *Where is my Muse that wont to feed my
mind ?*
120. *What can I now suspect, or what can I fear
any longer ? ~*

121. What strange adventure, what new unlooked-
for arrival? —
122. Whom can I first accuse? whose fault account
I the greatest? —

Imperfect Fragments.¹

123. *Lo here at erst a thousand dangers past.*
124. *Two mortal foes that never erst agreed.*
125. *The tallest trees.*
126. *What thing is love? a needless idle thought.*
127. *The vain delight that Poets' vein doth breed.*
128. *Where wit is overruled by will.*
129. *Oft have I heard that want maintains our life.*
130. *Are these the fruits of all my travails long.*
131. *In summer season on a sunshine day.*
132. *Among ten thousand thoughts that vex my
troubled mind.*
133. *2 Greek Epigrams. [?]*

Translations.

134. *The metres of the 3 & 4 Books of Boëtius de
Consolatione, being in number 18.*
135. *The epistle of Sappho to Phao.*
136. *The epistle of Helen to Paris.*

In the Paper Book bound with the Shepheards Calender.

137. 1 Eclogue. A little herd-groom for he was no
bett.
138. 2 Eclogue. Upon the death of Sir Ph.
Sidney.—

Perin, areed what new mischance betide.

¹ These "Fragments," etc., are not numbered in the MS.

139. 3 Eclogue. A fragment, concerning old age.—

For when thou art not as thou wont of yore.

140. A sestet of 8.—

Ye ghastly Groves that hear my woeful cries.

I regret that I have not found a satisfactory answer to the question "Who was 'A. W.'?" Let us look again at Francis Davison's address to the reader. He tells us that, being induced by private reasons and the entreaties of friends to publish his own poems, he had included poems written by his brother Walter and (in the words of the first edition) "my dear friend *Anomos*" or (as later editions put it) "my dear friends *Anonymoi*." In the closing paragraph of the address he writes:—"For these poems in particular, I could allege these excuses: that those under the name of *Anomos* [so ed. 1: later eds. "*Anonymos*"] were written (as appeareth by divers things, to Sir Philip Sidney living¹ and of him dead) almost twenty years since when

¹ There is only one poem of "A. W." that could have been addressed "to Sir Philip Sidney living." It is the strange epigram (ii. 90) "translated out of Jodelle the French poet." But this epigram appears to me to have been written after Sidney's death. The first line, "Cambridge, worthy Philip," etc., can only refer, so far as I can see, to the collection of memorial verses by Cambridge men, "*Academix Cantabrigiensis Lacrymæ, Tumulo . . . Philippi Sidnei*"

poetry was far from that perfection to which it hath now attained."

The following poems are subscribed in the first edition "*Anomos*" (which would seem to be a misprint for "*Anonymos*"), and are unsigned in later editions:—

"It chanced of late a shepherd's swain." (i. 37.)

"For when thou art not as thou wont of yore." (i. 76.)

"Compare the bramble with the cedar tree." (ii. 87.)

"Hatred eternal, furious revenging." (ii. 97.)

These are among the poems ascribed to "*A. W.*" in Davison's MS. list. One poem, only one, is signed "*A. W.*" in the "*Rhapsody*": it is the eclogue on the death of Sir Philip Sidney—"Perin, areed what new mischance betide." (i. 63.)

Mr. W. J. Linton (*Rare Poems*, p. 260), remarks:—"A. W. has baulked all inquirers. Not meaning disrespect to any, one can hardly refrain from observing that *A. W.* might hide *Anonymous Writer*." The suggestion deserves consideration. But we are confronted with the fact that the second edition changed the words "some written by my dear friend *Anomos*" to "some written by my dear friends *Anonymoi*." This alteration prompts us to

sacratae," Cambridge, 1587. The French poet Jodelle died when Sidney was nineteen. So I am driven to conclude that Davison has blundered.

enquire whether all the poems attributed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. list are by the same hand or whether they are by a company of Anonymous Writers. The Eclogue on Sidney's death and the Eclogue "Concerning Old Age" (i. 76), both written under the influence of Spenser's "Shepherds Calender," are evidently early pieces, as are the uncouth copies of English Hexameters (ii. 90-3). On the other hand, such pieces as "The golden sun that brings the day" (ii. 67), "When Venus saw Desire must die" (ii. 79), "Bright shines the sun; play, Beggars, play" (ii. 88), and many others, are of finished excellence. But, though the poems ascribed to "A. W." are of varying degrees of merit, I see no reason for supposing that they are not all by the same hand.¹ "A. W." seems to have begun to write when Spenser, Dyer, and others were engaged in their crusade against rhyme. His use of unrhymed metres shows that he was for a time under the spell of the reformers. But he found, as they found, that these metrical innovations were unprofitable, and he returned to the use of rhyme.

Some of "A. W."s poems had circulated in MS. before the publication of the "Rhapsody." A

¹ Davison may have altered "Anomos" to "Anonymoi" from the fact that, though most of the unsigned pieces in the "Rhapsody" are by "A. W.", some belong to other writers.

few are found (unsigned, without any clue to the authorship) in Harleian MS. 6910, which is dated 1596. It is much to be desired that the poems not included in the "Rhapsody" should be discovered. I have sought for them both in printed books and MSS., but hitherto with little success. One of the lost poems, a mere fragment (and corrupt), is preserved in Harleian MS. 6910, f. 153 verso:—

"What thing is love? a needless idle thought
Bred by desire of that which seemed gold [good?];
A guest uncalled, soon found though never sought;
Fire to the bones, and poison to the blood;
Uncertain hope, uncertain [one certain?] grief and long,
With little joy, like summer dew [?] among."

Another trifle is in Carlton's "Madrigals," 1601:—

"The heathen gods for love forsook their state,
And changed themselves to shape of earthly kind;
But my desire is of another rate,
That into heavenly grace transforms my mind.
Their often change by new desire
Declared they loved not what was best,
For they that to the best aspire
Do never change in hope of rest."

But I am sorry to say that these are the only poems that I have been able to trace.¹ It is to be noticed

¹ I have before me a curious tract, twelve leaves, entitled "Heart-Easings: Songs, Sonnets, and Epigrams. By A. W., of the Middle Temple, Gent. [1595] reprinted literature from a copy supposed unique in the British Museum. London: T. and J. Allman, Princes Street, Hanover Square. 1824." On the *verso* of the title-page is given "Charles

that one of the poems ascribed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. list (the "Complaint" beginning "Ye ghastly groves, that hear my woeful cries," i. 80) is attributed to Francis Davison in the "Rhapsody."

Leaving the vexed question of the identity of "A. W.," let us now turn to the other contributors.

Vol. I., page 40. "A Dialogue between two Shepherds . . . in praise of Astrea."—This compliment to Queen Elizabeth was written by the famous Mary Countess of Pembroke (1550?-1621), "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." In 1592 the Countess published "Discourse of Life and Death. Written in French by P. Mornay. Antonius a Tragedie written also in French by Ro. Garnier. Both done in English." She also translated some of the Psalms, and wrote an elegy (printed in Spenser's "Astrophel")

Wood, Printer, Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, London." Some familiar old madrigals appear in a slightly disguised form. One of the epigrams is "To the excellent poet and master in penmanship, my good friend, Mr. Iohn Dauies of Hereford,"—

"Some write but ill, their matter tho well wrought :
Thy happier quille well handleth thy wise thought."

The following, headed "Not Fame," has decidedly a modern look :—

"A brazen trumpette sounded, one rusht by :
It was not Fame, twas Notoriety."

(I have not seen the original "copy, supposed unique, in the British Museum.")

on her brother. To poets she was a liberal patroness; and she was as beautiful as she was bountiful. At Wilton House young Samuel Daniel was encouraged to devote himself to poetry. He had studied at Oxford, but Wilton was his "best school." Of the Countess' kindness he always kept "a feeling and a grateful memory."

Vol. I., pages 42-58. "A Roundelay," "Strephon's Palinode," "Urania's Answer," "Eclogue." The first piece is by Walter Davison, the others by Francis. In the "Eclogue" a poor shepherd Eubulus, from whom Astrea had withdrawn her favour, bemoans the decay of his fortunes. Unquestionably the poem laments the fallen state of Secretary Davison, whom Queen Elizabeth drove from office. Very touching is Francis Davison's appeal for his ruined father:—

"'In mournful darkness I alone do lie,
And wish, but scarcely hope, bright day to see;
For hoped so long, and wished so long have I,
As hopes and wishes both abandon me.'
My night hath lasted fifteen years,
And yet no glimpse of day appears!
Oh! do not let
Him that hath set
His joy, his light, his life, in your sweet grace,
Be unrelieved,
And quite deprived
Of your dear sight, which may this night displace."¹

¹ J. P. Collier needlessly (and tastelessly) urged in his "Bibliographical Catalogue" that the "Eclogue" was written

The words "My night hath lasted fifteen years" show that the poem was written in 1601-2; for the Secretary's troubles date from the execution of Mary Queen of Scots.

Vol. I., pages 58-63. "Eclogue entitled Cuddy," "Cuddy's Emblem."—These pieces first appeared (without signature) in the second edition of the "Rhapsody"; they are attributed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. list. The Eclogue on the death of Sir Philip Sidney (i. 63-71) is not only on Davison's MS. list of "A. W."s poems but is signed "A. W."—the only poem so signed—in the "Rhapsody." Another Eclogue, "Come, gentle herdsman, sit by me," (i. 72-76) is signed "Ignoto" in ed. 1., and is unsigned in later editions. It is just such a quaint old pastoral dialogue as might have been written by Nicholas Breton, who excelled in this style of composition. The Eclogue "Concerning old Age" (i. 76-9), a fragment, belongs to "A. W."

Vol. I., pages 80¹-131; vol. II., pages 1-20. "Sonnets, Odes, Elegies, Madrigals, and Epigrams by Francis Davison and Walter Davison, Brethren." The "Complaint" (i. 80-84), curious as an exercise

by Secretary Davison himself,—merely because the complaint is made in the first person. His argument has no weight; but he suggested a good emendation,—"*dreriment*" (a Spenserian word) for "*detriment*" in the line "My nightly rest have turned to *detriment*" (i. 55, l. 9).

¹ The pieces on pp. 80-101 (to the end of the epigrams) first appeared in the second edition.

of metrical ingenuity, is ascribed in the "Rhapsody" to Francis Davison, but is given to "A. W." in Francis Davison's MS. list. The Epigrams, Madrigals, Sonnets, etc. on pp. 84-101 are chiefly translations or adaptations. Mr. J. M. Thomson has shown (ii. 179-181, 183-7) that several pieces are borrowed from Luigi Grotto. One Sonnet is from Petrarch (ii. 183), another from Marot (ii. 184). All the poems from p. 101 to the end of our first volume appear to be by Francis Davison.¹ In his Address to the Reader he states that his poems "were made, most of them six or seven years since, at idle times, as I journeyed up and down during my travels." The "Elegy or Letter in Verse," which is much in the manner of Drayton's "Heroical Epistles," was evidently written when he was on his travels; and the Ode that follows is expressly stated to have been written in Italy. A close enquiry would no doubt show that several of the poems in this group are modelled on Italian originals. One poem is addressed to Samuel Daniel, "Prince of English Poets," who is commended in terms of extravagant eulogy.

To Walter Davison² probably belong all the

¹ The "Inscription for the Statue of Dido," the last piece in vol. i., is signed "Francis Davison."

² The poems of Francis and Walter Davison are not so carefully distinguished in the "Rhapsody" as one would wish; but the signature "W. D." on p. 20 of vol. ii. is intended, I think, to mark that Walter Davison wrote not merely

poems on pp. 1-20¹ of vol. ii. He was "not eighteen years old when he writ these toys," according to his brother's statement. If that be so, I should hold that he revised or re-wrote them later. "A Dialogue between Him and His Heart" (ii. 8) certainly bears no traces of immaturity. It is no puling love-ditty, but a fervid expression of genuine emotion; and the metrical skill displayed is of no vulgar order. The sonnets are of a more conventional character, but they seem to have been written by a practised hand.

Walter Davison's poems are followed by ten "Sonnets" (ii. 21-29) of Thomas Watson, a writer who was considerably over-estimated in his own day. These sonnets, which are not found in the first edition of the "Rhapsody," were selected from Watson's "Hekatompathia, or Passionate Century of Love" (1575); they show the writer at his best.

After Watson's sonnets come "A Sonnet of the Sun" and "A Sonnet of the Moon" (ii. 29-30) by an obscure writer Charles Best.² In the first and

the single epigram ("Dust is lighter than a feather") but the whole group of poems on pp. 1-20.

¹ The Latin epigram "Quid pluma levius" on p. 20 is not by Walter Davison (who is only responsible for the English rendering). Robert Greene, if I remember rightly, quotes the Latin epigram in one of his pamphlets; but I know not who was the original author.

² See note, vol. ii., p. 189.

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second editions these were Best's sole contributions to the "Rhapsody"; but unfortunately he furnished additions to the third edition.

Vol. II., pages 31-97. We now reach a long series of poems that are ascribed to "A. W."¹ in Francis Davison's MS. list. The verses on p. 78, "Since just disdain began to rise" are not on the list; they may have been omitted through inadvertence. After giving "A. W."s rendering of the first three Odes of Anacreon, Davison introduces translations (ii. 85) of the second Ode by "T. S." (his relative Thomas Spelman or Spilman) and of the third (ii. 86) by "R. G." (Robert Greene). I have been over-hasty in ascribing (ii. 86-88) "The lowest trees have tops; the ant her gall," and the answer "Compare the bramble with the cedar tree," to "A. W." On Davison's MS. list of "A. W."s poems we find "*Though* lowest trees have tops, the ant her gall"; but this must have been another answer (not extant) to "*The* lowest trees." In the *Notes* at the end of vol. ii. I have given from MS. a third Answer, and have mentioned that there is early authority (Rawlinson MS. Poet. 148, fol. 50) for ascribing the original poem to Sir Edward Dyer. To the group of "A. W."s poems succeed "Divers Poems of Sundry Authors." The first

¹ Five of "A. W."s poems were transferred from the "Rhapsody" to the second edition of "England's Helicon" (1614).

piece, a "Hymn in praise of Music" (ii. 98-9) is signed "I. D." in all the early editions; and the "Ten Sonnets to Philomel" (ii. 100-107), subscribed "Melophilus" in ed. 1, are assigned to "I. D." in eds. 2, 3, and 4. We need have little hesitation in identifying "I. D." with Sir John Davies.¹ Many poems have been unwarrantably fathered on John Donne; but Donne's title to the Hymn and the Ten Sonnets will be rejected by all who have any acquaintance with his authentic poetry.

Thomas Campion's "Hymn in Praise of Neptune" (first printed in the "Rhapsody" but written in 1594 for the Gray's Inn Masque), and three of his delightful songs follow on pages 107-110. The "Dialogue between the Lover and his Lady," and her Answer (p. 110), are signed "Ignoto." They are from an Italian original. I find them set to music in "Musica Transalpina, The Second Book of Madrigals," 1597, and in Farmer's "First Set of English Madrigals," 1599. The "Elegy of a Woman's Heart," (ii. 111), signed "H. W." is by Sir Henry Wotton, who wrote little, but wrote well. "Conceit, begotten by the eyes" (ii. 112-13), signed "W. R.," is found only in the "Rhapsody." It is one of Sir Walter Raleigh's most characteristic poems, expressing the deepest thought in the simplest language. The dainty little madrigal "Faustina hath

¹ Sir John Davies' "Lottery," i. 10-17, is signed simply "I. D." in the old editions of the "Rhapsody."

the fairer face" (p. 113), is anonymous. "Garden more than Eden blessed" and "Cruel and impartial sickness" (ii. 114-15), both by Francis Davison's kinsman, Thomas Spilman (or Spelman), are beneath notice. The ingenious "reporting Sonnet" (ii. 116) is anonymous in the "Rhapsody," but may perhaps be by Sir Walter Raleigh.¹ Anonymous, too, are the Sonnet "Only, sweet Love, afford me but thy heart," and the Ode "Absence, hear thou my protestation" (ii. 117-18). But there can be not the least doubt that the Ode is by John Donne. What other poet would have written of his mistress in this strain?—

"By absence this good means I gain
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain.
There I embrace and kiss her;
And so I both enjoy and miss her."

But, apart from evidence of style, there is early MS. authority for assigning the poem to Donne.² I have not discovered the authorship of "The True Love's Knot" (signed "Ignoto"), and the two following anonymous sonnets (ii. 118-120). To the sonnets "Were I as base as is the lowly plain" (ii. 121) and "The poets feign that when the world began" (ii. 122-3) the initials "I. S." are

¹ See Hannah's edition of the "Poems of Raleigh and Wotton," 1885, pp. 218-9. (Hannah suggests that we should read, for the sake of the rhyme, "smart" for "sharp" in l. 1.)

² See Dr. Grosart's edition of Donne's Poems, ii. 238-9.

subscribed. It seems to me that those two sonnets are too good for Joshua Sylvester, to whom they are usually assigned.¹ The madrigal, in eight lines, "My Love in her attire doth shew her wit" (ii. 121), is a faultless gem; but the next piece, "When I to you of all my woes complain" (ii. 122), anonymous in ed. 1, but subscribed with Francis Davison's initials in later editions, must not be too closely examined. "An Invective against Women" (ii. 123-4), signed "Ignoto," has been attributed, without evidence, to Raleigh; an anonymous MS. copy is preserved in the Percy Folio. Spenser's "Love's Embassy, in an Iambic Elegy" (ii. 124-5), first printed in 1580, was written when he was engaged with his friends Dyer, Gabriel Harvey, Drant and others, in endeavouring to introduce unrhymed metres. Harvey, in one of his letters to Spenser, criticised the elegy at tedious length.² Two sonnets, signed "H. C.," follow (ii. 125-7); they are by that amiable and refined poet Henry Constable, who, adhering to the Catholic faith, passed most of his time in exile. With the anonymous "Ode. Of Cynthia" (ii. 127-8), a compliment to Queen Elizabeth, the first edition of the "Rhapsody" closed.

¹ They are not included in the old editions of Sylvester's works, though among his "Remains" we find poems (of Campion and others) to which he had no possible claim.

² See *Notes*, ii. 196-7.

In the second edition five additional poems of "A. W." were introduced (ii. 128, 131-5), together with the well-known "Anatomy of Love," (which is unsigned, but probably belongs to Sir Walter Raleigh,¹) and a Latin epitaph (by Passerat) translated by "F. D." *i. e.* Francis Davison.

The third edition contains several additional poems by Charles Best (ii. 137-149). It is hard to believe that Francis Davison countenanced their admission, for they are useless encumbrances. Two additional pieces, introduced in the posthumous edition of 1621, are so absurdly inept—so incomprehensibly bad—that we are driven to wonder who could possibly have been the author.²

¹ See footnote, ii. 129.

² I print the wretched things here, in very small type:—

"Epithalamium upon the spousals of W. A. and I. A.

He who first did institute holy wedlock,
Knitting man and woman in happy bedlock,
Putting on their concupiscence a holy fetlock,
Not to be broken:

Grant, O grant, ye grace to love one another,
Like a sister, Christian, and a brother,
So make the weaker of you a mother,
Love's happy token.

Another of the same.

Love is foolery if it be not founded
And on heavenly beauty chiefly grounded.
All deformity from the first sin runneth,
All true beauty from our God only cometh
With love's purity: Him then only praise ye
That by mercy He to Himself may raise ye.
He's the fountain of all true perfect beauty,
And best meriteth all hearts' love and duty.
Then send up to Him all your sighs and groanings,
Then pour out to Him all your tears and mournings moanings ¶,
And fix only on Him your joys and gladness;
For to joy in earthly things is madness."

Now once again the "Poetical Rhapsody" goes forth ; and I trust that it will be cordially greeted by the lovers of our old poets. Some of the choicest spirits of the Elizabethan Age were among the contributors. It ranks with "England's Helicon," and I am glad to have been able to include it in my series of Lyrical Anthologies.

Not without reluctance, being yet "loth to depart," I now bring the series to an end. It has been to me a genuine pleasure to issue my various collections of Elizabethan Lyrics, for, in the words of an old masque-writer (surely Campion),—

"Who would not hear the nightingale still sing,
Or who grew ever weary of the spring?"

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS TO DAVISON'S
"POETICAL RHAPSODY."

	PAGE
BEST, CHARLES	ii. 29-30, 137-149
CAMPION, THOMAS	ii. 107-110
CONSTABLE, HENRY	ii. 125-7
"I. D." [SIR JOHN DAVIES?]	ii. 98-107
DAVIES, SIR JOHN	i. 6-28
DAVISON, FRANCIS . i. 1, 45-58, [80-84?], 84-139 ; ii. 122, 136.	
DAVISON, WALTER	i. 42 ; ii. 1-20
DONNE, JOHN	ii. 117
GREENE, ROBERT	ii. 86
"IGNOTO"	i. 72 ; ii. 110, 118, 123-4
PEMBROKE, MARY, COUNTESS OF	i. 40
RALEIGH, SIR WALTER . i. 28 ; ii. 112, [116?] 129.	
"I. S." [JOSHUA SYLVESTER?]	ii. 121-2
SIDNEY, SIR PHILIP	i. 32-7
SPELMAN (OR SPILMAN), THOMAS	ii. 85, 114-5
SPENSER, EDMUND	ii. 124

	PAGE
"A. W." . . . i. 37, 58-71, 76, [80-84?]; ii. 31-77, 79-85, [86-7?], 88-97, 128, 131-5	
WATSON, THOMAS ii. 21-29	
WOTTON, SIR HENRY ii. 111	
<i>Unknown</i> ii. 78, 113, 117, 119-120, 121, 127	

DAVISON'S POETICAL RHAPSODY.

TO
THE MOST NOBLE, HONOURABLE, AND WORTHY LORD,
WILLIAM, EARL OF PEMBROKE,
LORD HERBERT OF CARDIFF, MARMION, AND
ST. QUINTIN.

GREAT Earl, whose brave heroic mind ¹ is higher
And nobler than thy noble high degree ;
Whose outward shape, though it most lovely be,
Doth in fair robes a fairer soul attire :
Who rich in fading wealth, in ² endless treasure
Of Virtue, Valour, Learning, richer art ;
Whose present greatness, men esteem but part
Of what by line of future hope they measure.
Thou worthy son unto a peerless mother,
Thou ³ nephew to great Sidney of renown,
Who hast deserved ⁴ thy coronet, to crown
With laurel crown, a crown excelling th'other :
I consecrate these rhymes to thy great name,
Which if thou like, they seek no other fame.

FRA. DAVISON.⁵

¹ Ed. 1, "whose high and noble mind."

² Eds. 2, 3, and 4 omit "in."

³ So ed. 1.—Eds. 2, 3, and 4, "Or."

⁴ Ed. 1, "Thou that deseru'st."

⁵ Subscribed in ed. 1, "The deuoted admirer of your Lordships noble virtues,

FRA : DAVISON,

humbly dedicates, his owne, his Brothers, and *Anomos* Poems, both in his owne, and their names."

TO THE READER.

BEING induced by some private reasons, and by the instant entreaty of special friends, to suffer some of my worthless poems to be published, I desired to make some written by my dear friends *Anonymoi*,¹ and my dearer Brother, to bear them company : both without their consent, the latter being in the Low Country wars, and the rest utterly ignorant thereof. My friends' names I concealed ; mine own and my brother's I willed the printer to suppress, as well as I had concealed the other : which he having put in without my privity, we must now undergo a sharper censure perhaps than our nameless works should have done, and I especially. For if their poems be liked, the praise is due to their invention : if disliked, the blame, both by them and all men, will be derived upon me, for publishing that which they meant to suppress.

If thou think we affect fame by these kinds of writings, though I think them no disparagement even to the best judgments, yet I answer in all our behalves, with the princely shepherd Dorus,

“ Our hearts do seek another estimation,”²

¹ Ed. 1, “ my deere friend Anomos.”

² From Sidney's *Arcadia*, book i. (p. 78, ed. 1598) :

“ Of singing thou hast got the reputation,
Good Thyrsis mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie,
My heart doth seeke another estimation.”

If thou condemn poetry in general, and affirm that it doth intoxicate the brain, and make men utterly unfit, either for more serious studies, or for any active course of life, I only say, *Fubeo te stultum esse libenter*. Since experience proves by examples of many, both dead and living, that divers delighted and excelling herein, being Princes or Statesmen, have governed and counselled as wisely ; being soldiers, have commanded armies as fortunately ; being lawyers, have pleaded as judiciously and eloquently ; being divines, have written and taught as profoundly ; and being of any other profession, have discharged it as sufficiently as any other men whatsoever. If, liking other kinds, thou mislike the lyrical, because the chiefest subject thereof is love, I reply, that love, being virtuously intended, and worthily placed, is the whetstone of wit, and spur to all generous actions ; and many excellent spirits, with great fame of wit, and no stain of judgment, have written excellently in this kind, and specially the ever praiseworthy Sydney. So as, if thou wilt needs make a fault, for mine own part,

" Haud timeo, si jam nequeo defendere crimen,
Cum tanto commune viro."

If any except against the mixing (both at the beginning and end of this book) of divers things written by great and learned personages, with our mean and worthless scribblings, I utterly disclaim it, as being done by the printer, either to grace the forefront with Sir Philip Sydney's, and other names, or to make the book grow to a competent volume.

For these Poems in particular, I could allege these excuses : that those under the name of "Anonyms"¹

¹ Ed. 1, "Anomos."

were written (as appeareth by divers things, to Sir Philip Sydney living, and of him dead) almost twenty years since, when poetry was far from that perfection to which it hath now attained ;—that my brother is by profession a soldier, and was not eighteen years old when he writ these toys ;—that mine own were made, most of them six or seven years since, at idle times, as I journeyed up and down during my travels. But to leave their works to justify themselves, or the authors to justify their works, and to speak of mine own :—thy mislikes I condemn ;—thy praises (which I neither¹ deserve nor expect) I esteem not, as hoping (God willing) ere long to regain thy good opinion, if lost ; or more deservedly to continue it, if already obtained, by some graver work. Farewell.

FRA. DAVISON.

¹ Ed. 4, "neuer."

POETICAL RHAPSODY.

YET OTHER TWELVE WONDERS OF THE WORLD :¹

NEVER BEFORE² PUBLISHED.

BY SIR JOHN DAVIS.³

I. THE COURTIER.

LONG have I lived in Court, yet learned not all this
while
To sell poor suitors, smoke : nor where I hate to smile ;
Superiors to adore, inferiors to despise,
To fly from such as fall, to follow such as rise ;
To cloak a poor desire under a rich array,
Nor to aspire by vice, though 'twere the quicker way.

II. THE DIVINE.

My calling is Divine, and I from God am sent ;
I will no chop-church be, nor pay my patron rent ;
Nor yield to sacrilege ; but, like the kind true mother,
Rather will lose all the child, than part it with another.
Much wealth I will not seek ; nor worldly masters
serve,
So to grow rich and fat, while my poor flock doth
sterve.

¹ These *Twelve Wonders* were set to music by John Maynard.
"Lutenist at the most famous Schoole of St. Julian's in Hart-
forshire," fol., 1611.

² Ed. 2, "yet."

³ So ed. 4.—Ed. 3, "By Iohn Davis."—Malone's imperfect

III. THE SOLDIER.

My occupation is the noble trade of Kings,
The trial that decides the highest right of things ;
Though Mars my master be, I do not Venus love,
Nor honour Bacchus oft, nor often swear by Jove ;
Of speaking of myself I all occasion shun,
And rather love to do, than boast what I have done.

IV. THE LAWYER.

The law my calling is ; my robe, my tongue, my pen,
Wealth and opinion gain, and make me Judge of men.
The known dishonest cause I never did defend,
Nor spun out suits in length, but wished and sought an
end ;
Nor counsel did bewray, nor of both parties take ;
Nor ever took I fee for which I never spake.

V. THE PHYSICIAN.

I study to uphold the slippery state of man,
Who dies when we have done the best and all we can.
From practice and from books I draw my learned skill,
Not from the known receipt of 'pothecaries' bill.¹
The earth my faults doth hide, the world my cures
doth see ;
What youth and time effect is oft ascribed to me.

VI. THE MERCHANT.

My trade doth everything to every land supply,
Discover unknown coasts, strange countries doth ally ;

copy of ed. 1 (the only copy known) does not contain the *Twelve Wonders*; in ed. 2 the signature "Iohn Davys" comes after No. XII.

¹ "Bill"—prescription.

I never did forestall, I never did engross,
Nor custom did withdraw, though I returned with loss.
I thrive by fair exchange, by selling and by buying,
And not by Jewish use, reprisal, fraud, or lying.

VII. THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

Though strange outlandish spirits praise towns, and
country scorn,
The country is my home, I dwell where I was born :
There profit and command with pleasure I partake,
Yet do not hawks and dogs my sole companions make.
I rule, but not oppress ; end quarrels, not maintain ;
See towns, but dwell not there t'abridge my charge
or train.

VIII. THE BACHELOR.

How many things as yet are dear alike to me,
The field, the horse, the dog, love, arms, or liberty !
I have no wife as yet, whom I may call my own ;
I have no children yet, that by my name are known.
Yet if I married were, I would not wish to thrive,
If that I could not tame the veriest shrew alive.

IX. THE MARRIED MAN.

I only am the man among all married men,
That do not wish the priest to be unlinked agen ;
And though my shoe did wring, I would not make my
moan,
Nor think my neighbour's chance more happy than
my own,
Yet court I not my wife, but yield observance due,
Being neither fond, nor cross, nor jealous, nor untrue.

X. THE WIFE.

The first of all our sex came from the side of man,
 I thither am returned, from whence our sex began :
 I do not visit oft, nor many, when I do ;
 I tell my mind to few, and that in counsel too.
 I seem not sick in health, nor sullen but in sorrow ;
 I care for somewhat else than what to wear to-morrow.

XI. THE WIDOW.

My dying¹ husband knew how much his death would
 grieve me,
 And therefore left me wealth to comfort and relieve
 me :
 Though I no more will have, I must not love disdain ;
 Penelope herself did suitors entertain.
 And yet to draw on such as are of best esteem,
 Nor younger than I am, nor richer will I seem.

XII. THE MAID.

I marriage would forswear, but that I hear men tell,
 That she that dies a maid must lead an ape in hell.
 Therefore if Fortune come, I will not mock and play,
 Nor drive the bargain on till it be driven away.
 Titles and lands I like, yet rather fancy can
 A man that wanteth gold than gold that wants a man.

¹ The word "dying" is found in ed. 2 ; but is carelessly omitted in eds. 3 and 4.

A LOTTERY,

PRESENTED BEFORE THE LATE QUEEN'S MAJESTY
AT THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S HOUSE, 1601.¹

A Mariner with a box under his arm, containing all the several things following, supposed to come from the Carrick,² came into the presence, singing this Song :

CYNTHIA, Queen of seas and lands,
That Fortune everywhere commands,
Sent forth Fortune to the sea,
To try her Fortune every way.

There did I Fortune meet, which makes me now to sing,

There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King.

¹ In vol. ii. of the *Shakespeare Society's Papers* (1845) Peter Cunningham printed from a MS. among the "Conway Papers," a portion of "The Devise to Entertayne Hir May at Harfielde [in 1602], the House of S^r Thomas Egerton, Lo. Keeper and his Wife the Countess of Darbye," consisting of (1) The Song of St. Swithin (printed in the "Notes" at the end of vol. ii.), (2) The Mariner's Song, (3) The Several Lots. In the MS. the names of the drawers of the lots are given; and the order of the lots differs from the order in the *Rhapsody*. Another early MS. version of the "Lottery" was printed in *Poetical Miscellanies*, Percy Society, 1845; and in this copy the date 1602 is given. Again, in Manningham's *Diary* (Harl. MS. 5353, f. 95) are found "Some [15] of the lotteries w^{ch} were the last Sumer [i.e., 1602], at hir M^{ties} being wth the L. Keeper." It is clear that the date [1601] given in the *Rhapsody* is wrong, and that the "Lottery" formed part of the entertainment presented at Harefield in the summer of 1602.

² *Caract*, large ship.

All the Nymphs of Thetis' train
 Did Cynthia's Fortune entertain ;
 Many a jewel, many a gem,
 Was to her Fortune brought by them.
 Her Fortune sped so well, as makes me now to sing,
 There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King.

Fortune, that it might be seen
 That she did serve a royal Queen,
 A frank and royal hand did bear,
 And cast her favours everywhere.
 Some toys fell to my share, which makes me now to
 sing,
 There is no fishing to the sea, nor service to the King.¹

AND THE SONG ENDED, HE UTTERED THIS SHORT
 SPEECH :

God save you, fair Ladies all ; and for my part, if
 ever I be brought to answer for my sins, God forgive
 me my sharking, and lay usury to my charge. I am
 a Mariner, and am now come from the sea, where I
 had the fortune to light upon these few trifles. I
 must confess, I came but lightly by them ; but I no
 sooner had them, but I made a vow that as they came
 to my hands by Fortune, so I would not part with
 them but by Fortune. To that end I have ever since

¹ "Mr. Nichols, in his *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, cites the following passage from a speech made at the Queen's entertainment at Cowdray, to prove that the line in the text was an 'olde saying.' 'Madame it is an olde saying "*There is no fishing in the sea, nor service to the King;*" but it holds when the sea is calm, and the land virtuous.'—Vol. iii. pp. 95—571."—*Sir Harris Nicolas*.

carried these lots about me, that, if I met with fit company, I might divide my booty among them. And now, I thank my good fortune ! I am lighted into the best company of the world, a company of the fairest Ladies that ever I saw. Come Ladies, try your fortunes ; and if any light upon an unfortunate blank, let her think that fortune doth but mock her in these trifles, and means to pleasure her in greater matters.

THE LOTS.

I. FORTUNE'S WHEELS.

Fortune must now no more on triumph ride ;
The Wheels are yours that did her chariot guide.

II. A PURSE.*

You thrive, or would, or may ; your lot's a Purse,
Fill it with gold, and you are ne'er the worse.

III. A MASK.

Want you a Mask ? here Fortune gives you one,
Yet Nature gives the rose and lily none.

IV. A LOOKING GLASS.

Blind Fortune doth not see how fair you be,
But gives a Glass, that you yourself may see.

V. A HANDKERCHIEF.

Whether you seem to weep, or weep indeed
This Handkerchief will stand you well in stead.

VI. A PLAIN RING.

Fortune doth send you, hap it well or ill,
This plain gold Ring, to wed you to your will.

VII. A RING, WITH THIS POESY.

'As faithful as I find.'

Your hand by Fortune on this Ring doth light,
And yet the words do¹ hit your humour right.

VIII. A PAIR OF GLOVES.

Fortune² these Gloves to you in challenge sends,
For³ that you love not fools, that are her friends.

IX. A DOZEN OF POINTS.⁴

You are in ev'ry point a lover true,
And therefore Fortune gives the Points to you.

X. A LACE.

Give her the Lace, that loves to be straight laced,
So Fortune's little gift is aptly placed.

XI. A PAIR OF KNIVES.

Fortune doth give this⁵ pair of Knives to you,
To cut the thread of love, if't be not true.

¹ Ed. 2, "doth." (Malone's imperfect copy of ed. 1 does not contain the *Lottery*.) For "hit" the MS. gives "fitt."

² Percy Society MS. "Fortune theis gloves to you in double challenge sends." (So Conway MS., omitting "to you.")

³ Conway MS. "For you hate fooles and flatterers her best frendes." (And so the Percy Society text, with different spelling.)

⁴ Tagged laces.

⁵ Ed. 2 and MSS. "these."

XII. A GIRDLE.

By Fortune's Girdle you may happy be,
But they that are less happy, are more free.

XIII. A PAIR OF WRITING TABLES.

These Tables may contain your thoughts in part,
But write not all that's written in your heart.

XIV. A PAIR OF GARTERS.

Though you have Fortune's Garters, you must be
More staid and constant in your¹ steps than she.

XV. A COIF AND CROSS-CLOTH.

Frown in good earnest, or be sick in jest,
This Coif and Cross-cloth will become you best.

XVI. A SCARF.

Take you this Scarf, bind Cupid hand and foot ;
So Love must ask you leave, before he shoot.

XVII. A FALLING BAND.

Fortune would have you rise, yet guides your hand
From other lots to take the Falling Band.

XVIII. A STOMACHER.²

This Stomacher is full of windows wrought,
Yet none through them can see into your thought.

XIX. A PAIR OF SCISSARS.³

These Scissars do your housewifery bewray,
You love to work, though you were born to play.

¹ "Your"—omitted in eds. 2 and 3.

² Conway MS. "Cuttwork Stomacher."

³ MSS. "Scisser-Case."

XX. A CHAIN.

Because you scorn Love's captive to remain,
Fortune hath sworn to lead you in a Chain.

XXI. A PRAYER-BOOK.

Your fortune may prove good another day ;
Till Fortune come, take you a Book to pray.

XXII. A SNUFTKIN.¹

'Tis summer, yet a Snuftkin is your lot !
But 'twill be winter one day, doubt you not.

XXIII. A FAN.

You love to see, and yet to be unseen ;
Take you this Fan to be your beauty's screen.

XXIV. A PAIR OF BRACELETS.

Lady ! your hands are fallen into a snare,
For Cupid's manacles these Bracelets are.

XXV. A BODKIN.

Even with this Bodkin you may live unharmed,
Your beauty is with Virtue so well armed.

XXVI. A NECKLACE.

Fortune gives your fair neck this Lace to wear ;
God grant a heavier yoke it never bear !

XXVII. A CUSHINET.

To her that little cares what lot she wins,
Chance gives a little Cushinet to stick pins.

¹ Muff.

XXVIII. A DIAL.

The Dial's yours ; watch time, lest it be lost ;
 Yet ¹ they most lose it, that do watch it most.

XXIX. A NUTMEG, WITH A BLANK PARÇHMENT
IN IT.

This Nutmeg holds a blank, but chance doth hide it ;
 Write your own wish, and Fortune will provide it.

XXX. A BLANK.

Wot ² you not why Fortune gives you no prize ?
 Good faith ! she saw you not, she wants her eyes.

XXXI. A BLANK.

You are so dainty to be pleased, God wot,
 Chance knows not what to give you for a lot.

XXXII. A BLANK.

'Tis pity such a hand should draw in vain ;
 Though it gain nought, yet shall it pity gain.

XXXIII. A BLANK.

Nothing's your lot, that's more than can be told,
 For nothing is more precious than gold.

¹ Conway MS. " And yett they spende it worst thatt watche it most."

² MSS. " Wott [*and* Wote] you why fortune gives to you noe prize."

XXXIV. A BLANK.

You fain would have, but what, you cannot tell.
In ¹ giving nothing, Fortune serves you well.²

I. D.³

¹ Conway MS. "If fortune gives you nothing she doth well."

² The Percy transcript omits XXII and XXIV, but adds the following lots :—

"A country wenche. A pair of sheres.

You whisper many tales in many eares,
To clipp your tongue your lot's a paire of sheares.

"A country wenche. An Apron.

You love to make excuses for all thinges,
An apron is your lott, which hath no stringes.

"A country wenche. A reele.

You are high in the instepp, short in the heele,
Your head is giddy, your lott is a reele.

"No name. A blank.

Fortune is bountifull, and from his store
Gives you as much as you were worth before."

(In the footnotes I have not recorded all the instances in which the printed texts differ from the MSS. The differences are unimportant: I have given a sample of them.)

³ Sir John Davies.

A CONTENTION

BETWIXT A WIFE, A WIDOW, AND A MAID.

WIFE. **W**IDOW, well met ; whither go you to-day ?
 Will you not to this solemn offering go ?
 You know it is Astrea's holy day,
 The saint to whom all hearts devotion owe.

WIDOW. Marry, what else ? I purposed so to do :
 Do you not mark how all the wives are fine,
 And how they have sent presents ready too,
 To make their offering at Astrea's shrine ?

See, then, the shrine and tapers burning
 bright !
 Come, friend, and let us first ourselves advance ;
 We know our place, and if we have our right,
 To all the parish we must lead the dance.

But soft ! what means this bold presumptuous
 Maid,
 To go before, without respect of us ?
 Your forwardness, proud maid ! must now be
 staid :
 Where learned you to neglect your betters
 thus ?

MAID. Elder you are, but not my betters here :
This place to maids a privilege must give ;
The Goddess, being a maid, holds maidens
dear,
And grants to them her own prerogative.

Besides, on all true virgins, at their birth,
Nature hath set a crown of excellence,
That all the wives and widows of the earth
Should give them place, and do them reverence.

WIFE. If to be born a maid be such a grace,
So was I born, and graced by Nature too ;
But seeking more perfection to embrace,
I did become a wife as others do.

WIDOW. And if the maid and wife such honour have,
I have been both, and hold a third degree ;
Most maids are wards, and every wife a slave ;
I have my livery sued, and I am free.

MAID. That is the fault, that you have maidens been,
And were not constant to continue so ;
The fall of Angels did increase their sin,
In that they did so pure a state forego.

But, Wife and Widow, if your wits can make
Your state and persons of more worth than
mine,
Advantage to this place I will not take ;
I will both place and privilege resign.

- WIFE. Why marriage is an honourable state !
 WIDOW. And widowhood is a reverend degree !
 MAID. But maidenhead, that will admit no mate,
 Like majesty itself must sacred be.
- WIFE. The wife is mistress of her family :
 WIDOW. Much more the widow, for she rules alone :
 MAID. But mistress of mine own desires am I,
 When you rule others' wills, and not your own.
- WIFE. Only the wife enjoys the virtuous pleasure :
 WIDOW. The widow can abstain from pleasures known ;
 MAID. But th' uncorrupted maid observes ' such
 measure,
 As being by pleasures woo'd she cares for
 none.
- WIFE. The wife is like a fair supported vine ;
 WIDOW. So was the widow, but now stands alone ;
 For being grown strong, she needs not to
 incline.
- MAID. Maids, like the earth, supported are of none.
- WIFE. The wife is as a diamond richly set ;
 MAID. The maid unset doth yet more rich appear ;
 WIDOW. The widow a jewel in the cabinet,
 Which though not worn, is still esteemed as
 dear.
- WIFE. The wife doth love, and is beloved again ;
 WIDOW. The widow is awaked out of that dream ;

¹ Eds. 3 and 4, "preserves."

MAID. The maid's white mind had never such a
stain ;
No passion troubles her clear virtues' stream.

Yet if I would be loved, loved would I be,
Like her whose virtue in the bay is seen :
Love to wife fadeth¹ with satiety,
Where love never enjoyed is ever green.

WIDOW. Then what's a virgin but a fruitless bay ?

MAID. And what's a widow but a roseless brier ?
And what are wives, but woodbinds² which
decay
The stately oaks by which themselves aspire ?

And what is marriage but a tedious yoke ?

WIDOW. And what virginity but sweet self-love ?

WIFE. And what's a widow but an axle broke,
Whose one part failing, neither part can
move ?

WIDOW. Wives are as birds in golden cages kept ;

WIFE. Yet in those cages cheerfully they sing :

WIDOW. Widows are birds out of those cages leapt,
Whose joyful notes makes all the forest ring.

MAID. But maids are birds amidst the woods secure,
Which never hand could touch, nor net could
take ;

Nor whistle could deceive, nor bait allure,
But free unto themselves do music make.

¹ Old eds. "fades."

² "Woodbind" and "woodbine" were used indifferently.

- WIFE. The wife is as the turtle with her mate ;
 WIDOW. The widow as the widow dove alone,
 Whose truth shines most in her forsaken
 state ;
 MAID. The maid a Phoenix, and is still but one.
- WIFE. The wife's a soul unto her body tied ;
 WIDOW. The widow a soul departed into bliss ;
 MAID. The maid an Angel which was stellified,
 And now t' as fair a house descended is.
- WIFE. Wives are fair houses kept and furnished well ;
 WIDOW. Widows old castles void, but full of state :
 MAID. But maids are temples, where the Gods do
 dwell,
 To whom alone themselves they dedicate.
- But marriage is a prison during life,
 Where one way out, but many entries be :
 WIFE. The Nun is kept in cloister, not the wife,
 Wedlock alone doth make the virgin free.
- MAID. The maid is ever fresh, like morn in May ;
 WIFE. The wife with all her beams is beautified,
 Like to high noon, the glory of the day ;
 WIDOW. The widow, like a mild sweet eventide.
- WIFE. An office well supplied is like the wife ;
 WIDOW. The widow, like a gainful office void ;
 MAID. But maids are like contentment in this life,
 Which all the world have sought, but none
 enjoy'd.

Go, wife, to Dunmow, and demand your flitch.

WIDOW. Go, gentle maid, go, lead the apes in hell.

WIFE. Go, widow, make some younger brother rich,
And then take thought and die, and all is
well.

Alas, poor maid ! that hast no help nor stay.

WIDOW. Alas, poor wife ! that nothing dost possess.

MAID. Alas, poor widow ! Charity doth say,
Pity the widow and the fatherless.

WIDOW. But happy widows have the world at will.

WIFE. But happier wives, whose joys are ever double.

MAID. But happiest maids, whose hearts are calm
and still ;

Whom fear, nor hope, nor love, nor hate doth
trouble.

WIFE. Every true wife hath an indented heart,
Wherein the covenants of love are writ ;
Whereof her husband keeps the counterpart,
And reads his comforts and his joys in it.

WIDOW. But every widow's heart is like a book,
Where her joys past imprinted do remain ;
But when her judgment's eye therein doth
look,
She doth not wish they were to come again.

MAID. But the maid's heart a fair white table is,
Spotless and pure, where no impressions be,
But the immortal characters of bliss,
Which only God doth write, and Angels see.

WIFE. But wives have children : what a joy is this !

WIDOW. Widows have children too ; but maids have
none.

MAID. No more have Angels ; yet they have more
bliss

Than ever yet to mortal man was known.

WIFE. The wife is like a fair manured field ;

WIDOW. The widow once was such, but now doth rest ;

MAID. The maid, like Paradise, undrest, untilled,
Bears crops of native virtue in her breast.

WIFE. Who would not die a wife, as Lucrece died ?

WIDOW. Or live a widow, as Penelope ?

MAID. Or be a maid, and so be stellified,
As all the virtues and the graces be ?

WIFE. Wives are warm climates well inhabited ;
But maids are frozen zones, where none may
dwell.

MAID. But fairest people in the North are bred ;
Where Africa breeds monsters black as hell.

WIFE. I have my husband's honour and his place :

WIDOW. My husband's fortunes all survive to me.

MAID. The moon doth borrow light ; you borrow
grace :

When maids by their own virtues graced be.

White is my colour ; and no hue but this
It will receive, no tincture can it stain.

WIFE. My white hath took one colour ; but it is.
An honourable purple dyed in grain.

WIDOW. But it hath been my fortune to renew
My colour twice from that it was before ;
But now my black will take no other hue,
And therefore now I mean to change no more.

WIFE. Wives are fair apples served in golden dishes ;

WIDOW. Widows good wine, which time makes better
much ;

MAID. But maids are grapes desired by many wishes,
But that they grow so high as none can touch.

WIFE. I have a daughter equals you, my girl.

MAID. The daughter doth excel the mother, then,
As pearls are better than the mother of pearl ;
Maids lose their value when they match with
men.

WIDOW. The man with whom I matched, his worth was
such,

As now I scorn a maid should be my peer :

MAID. / But I will scorn the man you praise so much,
For maids are matchless, and no mate can
bear.

Hence is it that the virgin never loves,
Because her like she finds not any where ;
For likeness evermore affection moves ;
Therefore the maid hath neither love nor peer.

WIFE. Yet many virgins married wives would be,

WIDOW. And many a wife would be a widow fain.

MAID. There is no widow but desires to see,
If so she might, her maiden days again.

WIDOW.¹ There never was a wife that liked her lot :

WIFE. Nor widow, but was clad in mourning weeds.

MAID. Do what you will, marry or marry not,
Both this estate and that repentance breeds.

WIFE. But she that this estate and that hath seen,
Doth find great odds between the wife and
girl.

MAID. Indeed she doth, as much as is between
The melting hailstone, and the solid pearl.

WIFE. If I were widow, my merry days were past.

WIDOW. Nay, then you first become sweet pleasure's
guest ;
For maidenhead is a continual fast,
And marriage is a continual feast.

MAID. Wedlock indeed hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.

Or to the jewel which this virtue had,
That men were mad till they might it obtain ;
But when they had it, they were twice as mad
Till they were dispossessed of it again.

WIFE. Maids cannot judge, because they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joys in marriage be.

MAID. Yes, yes ; though blessed Saints in Heaven
dwell,
They do the souls in Purgatory see.

¹ Old eds. give this line to the Wife, and the next to the Widow. Nicolas made the correction.

WIDOW. If every wife do live in Purgatory,
Then sure it is that widows live in bliss,
And are translated to a state of glory ;
But maids as yet have not attained to this.

MAID. Not maids ? To spotless maids this gift is
given,
To live in incorruption from their birth :
And what is that, but to inherit heaven
Even while they dwell upon the spotted earth ?

The perfectest of all created things ;
The purest gold, that suffers no alloy ;
The sweetest flower that on th' earth's bosom
springs ;
The pearl unbored, whose price no price can
pay.

The crystal glass, that will no venom hold ;
The mirror, wherein Angels love to look :
Diana's bathing fountain, clear and cold ;
Beauty's fresh rose, and virtue's living book.

Of love and fortune both the mistress born ;
The sovereign spirit that will be thrall to none :
The spotless garment that was never worn ;
The princely eagle that still flies alone.

She sees the world, yet her clear thought doth
take
No such deep print as to be changed thereby ;
As when we see the burning fire doth make
No such impression as doth burn the eye.

WIFE. No more, sweet maid ; our strife is at an
end,

Cease now ; I fear we shall transformed be
To chattering pies, as they that did contend
To match the Muses in their harmony.

WIDOW. Then let us yield the honour and the place,
And let us both be suitors to the maid ;
That, since the goddess gives her special
grace,
By her clear hands the offering be conveyed.

MAID. Your speech I doubt hath some displeasure
moved ;

Yet let me have the offering, I will see :
I know she hath both wives and widows loved,
Though she would neither wife nor widow be.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.¹

THE LIE.

GO, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant ;²

Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant :

¹ Eds. 2 and 3 "Iohn Davys" (and "Davis").—There is no signature in ed. 4.

² This famous poem, which is vulgarly supposed to have been written by Sir Walter Raleigh on the night before his execution, makes its earliest appearance (so far as I know) in Harleian MS. 6910, *circ.* 1596. Most of the poems attributed to Raleigh are of doubtful authenticity ; but there is good reason for believing that he wrote *The Lie*. See Hannah's elaborate editions (1845 and 1875) of the *Poems of Raleigh and Wotton*.

Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the Court, it glows,
And shines like rotten wood ;
Say to the Church, it shows
What's good, and doth no good :
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell Potentates they live
Acting by others' action ;
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction :¹
If Potentates reply,
Give Potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate :
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek² nothing but commending :
And if they make reply,
Then tell them all they lie.

¹ Old eds. "affection."—The reading "a faction" is from a copy inserted in the posthumous collection of Joshua Sylvester's Works.

² Old eds. "like."—"Seek" is the reading in Harl. MS. 2296, f. 135.

Tell zeal it wants devotion ;
 Tell love it is but lust ;
 Tell time it metes ¹ but motion ;
 Tell flesh it is but dust :
 And wish them not reply,
 For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth ;
 Tell honour how it alters ;
 Tell beauty how she blasteth ;
 Tell favour how it falters :
 And as they shall reply,
 Give everyone the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
 In tickle points of niceness :
 Tell wisdom she entangles
 Herself in over-wiseness :
 And when they do reply,
 Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness ;
 Tell skill it is pretension ;²
 Tell charity of coldness ;
 Tell law it is contention ;
 And as they do reply,
 So give them still the lie.

¹ Eds. 2, 3, and 4, "meets." I read "metes," *i.e.* "measures." Malone's imperfect copy of ed. 1 does not contain *The Lie*. In Harl. MS. 6910, f. 141, the reading is, "Tell time it's but a motion."

² Eds. 2, 3, and 4, "prevention" (which is also the reading of Harl. MSS. 2296 and 6910).

Tell fortune of her blindness ;
 Tell nature of decay ;
 Tell friendship of unkindness ;
 Tell justice of delay :
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too¹ much on seeming :
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city ;
 Tell how the country erreth ;
 Tell, manhood shakes off[f] pity ;
 Tell, virtue least preferreth :²
 And if they do reply,
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
 Although³ to give the lie,
 Deserves no less than stabbing :
 Stab at thee he that will,
 No stab the⁴ soul can kill !

¹ Old eds. "so." ² Old eds. "preferred."

³ So Harl. MS. 6910.—Old eds. "Because."

⁴ Old eds. "thy."

TWO PASTORALS.

MADE BY SIR PHILIP SYDNEY, NEVER YET PUBLISHED,¹
 UPON HIS MEETING WITH HIS TWO WORTHY
 FRIENDS AND FELLOW-POETS, SIR EDWARD
 DYER AND M. FULKE GREVILLE.

JOIN mates in mirth to me,
 Grant pleasure to our meeting ;
 Let Pan, our good god, see
 How grateful is our greeting.
 Join hearts and hands, so let it be,
 Make but one mind in bodies three.

Ye Hymns, and singing skill
 Of God Apollo's giving,
 Be prest² our reeds to fill
 With sound of music living.
 Join hearts and hands, &c.

Sweet Orpheus' harp, whose sound
 The stedfast mountains moved,
 Let here thy skill abound,
 To join sweet friends beloved.
 Join hearts and hands, &c.

My two and I be met,
 A happy blessed trinity,

¹ The words "never yet published" only appear in ed. 1.

² Ready.

As three most jointly set
In firmest band of unity.
Join hands, &c.

Welcome my two to me, E.D. F.G. P.S.¹
The number best beloved,
Within my heart you be
In friendship unremoved.
Join hands, &c.

Give leave your flocks to range,
Let us the while be playing ;
Within the elmy grange,
Your flocks will not be straying.
Join hands, &c.

Cause all the mirth you can,
Since I am now come hether,
Who never joy, but when
I am with you together.
Join hands, &c.

Like lovers do their love,
So joy I in you seeing :
Let nothing me remove
From always with you being.
Join hands, &c.

And as the turtle Dove
To mate with whom he liveth,²
Such comfort fervent love
Of you to my heart giveth.
Join hands, &c.

¹ Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, Philip Sidney.

² Liveth, listeth.

Now joined be our hands,
 Let them be ne'er asunder,
 But linked in binding bands
 By metamorphosed wonder.
 So should our severed bodies three
 As one for ever joined be.

SIR PH. SIDNEY.

DISPRAISE OF A COURTLY LIFE.

WALKING in bright Phœbus' blaze,
 Where with heat oppressed I was,
 I got to a shady wood,
 Where green leaves did newly bud ;
 And of grass was plenty dwelling,
 Decked with pied flowers sweetly smelling.

In this wood a man I met,
 On lamenting wholly set ;
 Ruining change of wonted state,
 Whence he was transformed late,
 Once to Shepherds' God retaining,
 Now in servile Court remaining.

There he wandering malcontent,
 Up and down perplexed went,
 Daring not to tell to me,
 Spake unto a senseless tree,
 One among the rest electing,
 These same words, or this effecting :

" My old mates I grieve to see
Void of me in field to be,
Where we once our lovely sheep
Lovingly like friends did keep ;
Oft each other's friendship proving,
Never striving, but in loving.

" But may love abiding be
In poor shepherds' base degree ?
It belongs to such alone
To whom art of Love is known :
Seely shepherds are not witting
What in art of love is fitting.

" Nay, what need the art to those
To whom we our love disclose ?
It is to be used then,
When we do but flatter men :
Friendship true, in heart assured,
Is by Nature's gifts procured.

" Therefore shepherds wanting skill,
Can Love's duties best fulfil ;
Since they know not how to feign,
Nor with love to cloak disdain,
Like the wiser sort, whose learning
Hides their inward will of harming.

" Well was I, while under shade
Oaten reeds me music made,
Striving with my mates in song ;
Mixing mirth our songs among.

So I left him in that place,
Taking pity on his case ;
Learning this among the rest,
That the mean estate is best ;
Better filled with contenting,
Void of wishing and repenting.

SIR PH. SIDNEY.

A FICTION,

HOW CUPID MADE A NYMPH WOUND HERSELF
WITH HIS ARROWS.

IT chanced of late a shepherd's swain,
That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket on the plain,
Espied a dainty Nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood, and gazed his fill ;
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say ;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of Love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom, if she waked, he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place ;
Ne¹ dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone, when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by ;
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain let fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierced his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain ;
Yet up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amazed to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;
The more his wounds, the more his might ;
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain.

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill ;
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet Nymph ! try not the² shaft ;
Each little touch will prick thy³ heart ;
Alas ! thou knowest not Cupid's craft ;
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

¹ Nor.

² Eds. 2 and 3, "thy."

³ Eds. 1, 2, and 3, "the."

Yet try she will, and prick some¹ bare !
Her hands were gloved, and next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pricked, and through that breast
Love finds an entry to her heart :
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord ! how the gentle nymph doth start !

She runs not now, she shoots no more,
Away she throws both shafts and bow :
She seeks for that she shunned before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may ;
So others do, and so do they :
The god of Love sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.²

¹ So old eds.—Nicolas reads "soon." (The meaning seems to be "Yet she will try the point of the shaft by pricking some bare part of her body.")

² Signed "ANOMOS" in ed. 1. Attributed to "A.W." in Davison's MS. list : see *Introduction*.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO SHEPHERDS,

THENOT AND PIERS,

IN PRAISE OF ASTREA.¹

THENOT. I SING divine Astrea's praise;
 O Muses ! help my wits to raise,
 And heave my verses higher.

PIERS. Thou need'st the truth but plainly tell,
 Which much I doubt thou canst not well,
 Thou art so oft a liar.

THEN. If in my song no more I show,
 Than Heaven, and earth, and sea do know,
 Then truly I have spoken.

PIERS. Sufficeth not no more to name,
 But being no less, the like, the same,
 Else laws of truth be broken.

THEN. Then say, she is so good, so fair,
 With all the earth she may compare,
 Not² Momus' self denying :

PIERS. Compare may think where likeness holds,
 Nought like to her the earth enfolds :
 I looked to find you lying.

¹ Ed. 1, "Made by the excellent Lady, the Lady Mary Countess of Pembroke, at the Queen Majesty's being at her house at—, Anno 15**."

² Eds. 3 and 4, "Nor."

- THEN. Astrea sees with wisdom's sight ;
 Astrea works by virtue's might;
 And jointly both do stay in her.
- PIERS. Nay, take from them her hand, her mind,
 The one is lame, the other blind :
 Shall still your lying stain her ?
- THEN. Soon as Astrea shows her face,
 Straight every ill avoids the place,
 And every good aboundeth.
- PIERS. Nay, long before her face doth show,
 The last doth come, the first doth go :
 How loud this lie resoundeth.
- THEN. Astrea is our chiefest joy,
 Our chiefest guard against annoy,
 Our chiefest wealth, our treasure.
- PIERS. Where chiefest are, there others be,
 To us none else but only she :
 When wilt thou speak in measure ?
- THEN. Astrea may be justly said,
 A field in flowery robe arrayed,
 In season freshly springing.
- PIERS. That spring endures but shortest time,
 This never leaves Astrea's clime :
 Thou liest, instead of singing.
- THEN. As heavenly light that guides the day,
 Right so doth shine each lovely ray
 That from Astrea fieth.
- PIERS. Nay, darkness oft that light enclouds : ¹

¹ So ed. 1. Eds. 2, 3, and 4, "in clouds" (a reading carelessly followed by Nicolas).

Astrea's beams no darkness shrouds :
How loudly Thenot lieth !

THEN. Astrea rightly term I may
A manly palm, a maiden bay,
Her verdure never dying.

PIERS. Palm oft is crooked, bay is low,
She still upright, still high doth grow :
Good Thenot leave thy lying.

THEN. Then, Piers, of friendship tell me why,
My meaning true, my words should lie,
And strive in vain to raise her ?

PIERS. Words from conceit do only rise ;
Above conceit her honour flies :
But silence, nought can praise her.
MARY, COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

A ROUNDELAY,

IN INVERTED RHYMES, BETWEEN THE TWO FRIENDLY
RIVALS, STREPHON AND KLAIUS, IN THE PRE-
SENCE OF URANIA, MISTRESS TO THEM BOTH.

STREPHON. O. WHITHER shall I turn me
From thine eyes' sight,
Whose sparkling light
With quenchless flames, present and ab-
sent, burn me ?
For I burn when as I view them,
And I burn when I eschew them.

KLAIUS. Since I cannot eschew them,
But that their light
Is in my sight,
Both when I view them not, and when I
view them ;
Ere their flames will cease to burn me,
From myself, myself must turn me.

STREPH. When none are present by you,
I feel their might ;
And your eyes bright
Appear more glorious, others being nigh you :
So alone, or else compared,
Wretch, I am by them ensnared.

KLAIUS. Since that I am ensnared
By your eyes bright,
And feel their might,
Whether alone they be, or else compared ;
Wheresoever I am nigh you,
Love I must, if I be by you.

STREPH. When you look kindly on me,
They love incite ;
And, spite of spite,
I love them likewise when you frown upon
me :
So, howe'er your looks are framed,
By your looks I am inflamed.

KLAIUS. Since that I am inflamed
Even by their spite,
And they incite

Soul-warming flames when they are mildly
framed ;
Howsoe'er you look upon me,
Love I must, if you look on me.

STREPH. Oh ! when shall I them banish,
Since against right,
Nor day nor night,
Though absent from me, from me they do
vanish ?
So no respite time doth grant me,
But incessantly they haunt me.

KLAIUS. Since they, alas ! do haunt me
Both day and night,
And wonted right,
Obtained by absence, absence doth not grant
me ;
Night and day may sooner vanish,
Than from me I can them banish.

STREPH. They, when the day doth leave me,
Lodge in my sprite ;
And of their sight,
No sight by day discerned can bereave me :
So, nor day aught else revealeth,
Nor the night the same concealeth.

KLAIUS. Since day, like night concealeth
Each other sight,
And to my sprite

Concealing darkness them like day re-
vealeth ;

Time of time must quite bereave me,
Ere your looks' sweet looks will leave me.

WALTER DAVISON.

STREPHON'S PALINODE.

Strephon, upon some unkindness conceived, having made show to leave Urania and make love to another nymph, was, at the next solemn assembly of shepherds, not only frowned upon by Urania, but commanded with great bitterness out of her presence: whereupon, sorry for his offence, and desirous to regain her grace, whom he never had forsaken but in show, upon his knees he in this song humbly craves pardon; and Urania, finding his true penitence, and unwilling to lose so worthy a servant, receives him again into greater grace and favour than before.

SWEET, I do not pardon crave,
Till I have
By deserts¹ this fault amended :
This, I only this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my will, but Fate, did fetch
Me, poor wretch,

¹ Eds. 3 and 4, "desires."

Into this unhappy error ;
 Which to plague, no tyrant's mind
 Pain can find
 Like my heart's self-guilty terror.

Then, O then, let that suffice !
 Your dear eyes
 Need not, need not more afflict me ;
 Nor your sweet tongue, dipped in gall,
 Need at all
 From your presence interdict me.

Unto him that Hell sustains,
 No new pains
 Need be sought for his tormenting.
 Oh ! my pains Hell's pains surpass ;
 Yet, alas !
 You are still new pains inventing.

By my love, long, firm, and true,
 Borne to you ;
 By these tears my grief expressing ;
 By this pipe, which nights and days
 Sounds your praise ;
 Pity me, my fault confessing.

Or, if I may not desire,
 That their¹ ire
 May with penance be suspended ;

¹ This may be the right reading (if we take "their" to refer to his mistress' "dear eyes" and "sweet tongue") ; but perhaps we should follow ed. 4 and read "your."

Yet let me full pardon crave,
When I have,
With soon death my fault amended.

URANIA'S ANSWER IN INVERTED RHYMES,
STAFF FOR STAFF.

SINCE true penance hath suspended
Feigned ire,
More I'll grant than you desire.
Faults confessed are half amended,
And I have
In this half, all that I crave.

Therefore, banish now the terror
Which you find
In your guiltless grieved mind ;
For, though you have made an error,
From me, wretch,
First beginning it did fetch.

Ne'er my sight I'll interdict thee
More at all ;
Ne'er speak words more dipped in gall ;
Ne'er, ne'er will I more afflict thee
With these eyes :
What is past, shall now suffice.

Now new joys I'll be inventing,
Which, alas !
May thy passed woes surpass.
Too long thou hast felt tormenting ;
Too great pains
So great love and faith sustains.

Let these eyes, by thy confessing
 Worthy praise,
 Never see more nights nor days ;
 Let my woes be past expressing ;
 When to you
 I cease to be kind and true.

Thus are both our states amended :
 For you have
 Fuller pardon than you crave ;
 And my fear is quite suspended,
 Since mine ire
 Wrought th' effect I most desire.
 FRANCIS DAVISON.

ECLOGUE.

A SHEPHERD poor, Eubulus called he was ;
 Poor, now, alas ! but erst had jolly been ;
 One pleasant morn, whenas the Sun did pass
 The fiery horns of raging Bull between,
 His little flock into a mead did bring,
 As soon as daylight did begin to spring.

Fresh was the mead in April's livery dight,
 Decked with green trees, bedewed with silver brooks :
 But, ah ! all other was the shepherd's plight,
 All other were both sheep and shepherd's looks ;
 For both did show, by their dull heavy cheer,
 They took no pleasure of the pleasant year.

He weeping went ; ay me that he should weep !
 They hung their heads, as they to weep would learn :
 His heavy heart did send forth sighing deep ;
 They in their bleating voice did seem to yearn :
 He lean and pale, their fleece was rough and rent ;
 They pined with pain, and he with dolours spent.

His pleasant pipe was broke, alas ! the while,
 And former merriment was banished quite ;
 His shepherd's crook, that him upheld erewhile,
 He erst had thrown away with great despite :
 Tho' ¹ leaning 'gainst a shrub that him sustained,
 To th' earth, sun, birds, trees, echo thus he plained.

"Thou all forth-bringing earth ! though winter chill
 With ² blust'ring winds blow off thy mantle green,
 And with his snow and hoary frosts, do spill
 Thy Flora-pleasing flowers, and kill them clean ;
 Yet ³ when fresh Spring returns again
 To drive away the ⁴ winter's pain,
 Thy frost and snow
 Away do go,
 Sweet Zephyr's breath cold Boreas doth displace,
 And fruitless showers
 Revive thy flowers,
 And nought but joy is seen in every place.

"But, ah ! how long, alas ! how long doth last
 My endless winter, without hope of spring !

¹ Then.

² Ed. 1, " With boystrous blasts."

³ Ed. 1, " Yet soon as Spring."

⁴ Ed. 1, " thy."

L.

E

How have my sighs, my blust'ring sighs, defac'd
The flowers and buds which erst my youth¹ did
bring !

Alas ! the tops that did aspire
Lie trodden now in filthy mire ;
Alas ! my head
Is all bespread

With too untimely snow : and eke my heart
All sense hath lost,
Through hardened frost
Of cold despair, that long hath bred my smart.

"What though soon-rising torrents overflow
With nought-regarding streams thy pleasant green,
And with their furious force do lay full low
Thy drowned flowers, however sweet they been ?
Soon fall those floods, as soon they rose,
For fury soon his force doth lose,
And then full eath
Apollo's breath,
The cold, yet drying North-wind, so doth warm,
That by and by
Thy meads be dry,
And grow more fruitful by their former harm.

"O would the tears, that torrent-like do flow
Adown my hollow cheeks with restless force,
Would once, O that they could once, calmer grow !
Would like to thine, once cease their ceaseless course.
Thine last not long ; mine still endure :
Thine cold ; and so thy wealth procure :

¹ So eds. 1 and 2 ; ed. 3, "earth," ed. 4, "soule."

Hot mine are still,
 And so do kill
 Both flower and root, with most unkindly dew :
 What sun or wind
 A way can find,
 The root once dead, the flowers to renew ?

"Thou, though the scorching heat of summer sun,
 While ill-breathed dog the raging lion chaseth,
 Thy peckled¹ flowers² do make of colour dun,
 And pride of all thy greeny hair defaceth ;
 And in thy moisture-wanting side,
 Deep wounds do make, and gashes wide :
 Yet as thy³ weat
 By Phœbus' heat
 To turn to wholesome dryness is procured,
 So Phœbus' heat
 By South-winds' weat
 Is soon assuaged, and all thy wounds recured.

"Such heat as Phœbus' hath me almost slain.
 As Phœbus' heat ? ah ! no, far worse than his ;
 It is Astrea's burning-hot disdain
 That parched hath the root of all my bliss :
 That hath, alas ! my youth defaced ;
 That in my face deep wounds hath placed.
 Ah ! that no heat
 Can dry the weat,
 The flowing weat, of my still weeping eyes !
 Ah ! that no weat
 Can quench the heat,
 The burning heat within my heart that lies !

¹ Speckled.² Eds. 1 and 2, "flower."³ Eds. 2, 3, and 4, "they." ("Weat" = wet, moisture.)

"Thou dost, poor earth ! bear many a bitter stound ;¹
 While greedy swains, forgetting former need,
 With crooked ploughs thy tender back do wound,
 With harrows' biting teeth do make thee bleed :
 But earth, so may those greedy swains
 With piteous eye behold thy pains !
 Oh, earth ! tell me,
 When thou dost see
 Thy fruitful back with golden ears beset,
 Doth not that joy
 Kill all annoy,
 And make thee all thy former wounds forget ?

"And I, if once my tired heart might gain
 The harvest fair that to my faith is due ;
 If once I might Astrea's grace regain ;
 If once her heart would on my sorrows rue :
 Alas ! I could these complaints forego,
 And quite forget my former woe.
 But, oh ! to speak
 My heart doth break ;
 For all my service, faith, and patient mind,
 A crop of grief
 Without relief,
 A crop of scorn, and of contempt I find.

"Soon as the shepherd's star abroad doth wend,
 Night's harbinger, to shut in brightsome day,
 And gloomy night, on whom black clouds attend,
 Doth, tyrant-like, through sky usurp the sway,
 Thou art, poor earth, of sun deprived,
 Whose beams to thee all joy derived ;

¹ Sorrow.

But when Aurore
Doth ope her door,
Her purple door, to let in Phœbus' wain,
The night gives place
Unto his race,
And then with joy thy sun returns again.

"Oh ! would my sun would once return again !
Return, and drive away th' infernal night,
In which I die, since she did first refrain
Her heavenly beams, which were mine only light.
In her alone all my light shined ;
And since she shined not, I am blind.
Alas ! on all
Her beams do fall,
Save wretched me, whom she doth them deny ;
And blessed day
She gives alway
To all but me, who still in darkness lie.

"In mournful darkness I alone do lie,
And wish, but scarcely hope, bright day to see ;
For hoped so long, and wished so long have I,
As hopes and wishes both abandon me.¹
My night hath lasted fifteen years,
And yet no glimpse of day appears !
Oh ! do not let
Him that hath set
His joy, his light, his life, in your sweet grace,
Be unrelieved,
And quite deprived
Of your dear sight, which may this night displace.

¹ Ed. 1, "both are gone from me."

“ Phœbus, although with fiery-hoofed steeds
Thou daily do the steepy welkin beat,
And from this painful task art never freed,
But daily bound to lend the world thy heat ;
Though thou in fiery chariot ride,
And burning heat thereof abide ;
Yet soon as night
Doth dim the light,
And hale her sable cloak through vaulted sky,
Thy journey's ceast,
And thou dost rest
In cooling waves of Thetis' sovereignty.

“ Thrice happy Sun ! whose pains are eased by night :
Oh, hapless I ! whose woes last night and day !
My pains by day do make me wish for night,
My woes by night do make me cry for day :
By day I turmoil up and down,
By night in seas of tears I drown :
O painful plight !
O wretched night,
Which never finds a morn of joyful light !
O sad decay !
O wretched day,
That never feels the ease of silent night !

“ Ye chirping birds ! whose notes might joy my mind,
If to my mind one drop of joy could sink ;
Who erst through Winter's rage were almost pined,
And kept through barren frost from meat or drink ;
A blessed change ye now have seen,
That changed hath your woeful teen :
By day you sing,
And make to ring

The neighbour groves with echo of your song ;
 In silent night,
 Full closely dight,
 You soundly sleep the bushes green among.

" But I, who erst, ah ! woeful word to say,
 Enjoyed the pleasant spring of her sweet grace,
 And then could sing and dance, and sport and play ;
 Since her fierce anger did my spring displace,
 My nightly rest have turned to detriment,
 To plaints have turned my wonted merriment :
 The songs I sing
 While day doth spring,
 Are bootless plaints till I can plain no more ;
 The rest I taste,
 While night doth last,
 Is broken sighs, till they my heart make sore.

" Thou flowret ¹ of the field ! that erst didst fade,
 And nipt with northern cold didst hang the head ;
 Ye ² trees whose bared boughs had ³ lost their shade,
 Whose withered leaves by western blasts were shed ;
 Ye 'gin to bud and spring again :
 Winter is gone, that did you strain.
 But I, that late,
 With upright gait,
 Bare up my head, while happy favour lasted,
 Now old am grown,
 Now overthrown,
 With woe, with grief, with wailing now am wasted.

¹ So eds. 1 and 2.—Eds. 3 and 4, " flower."

² So ed. 1.—Later eds. " And."

³ So ed. 1.—Later eds. " haue."

"Your springing stalk with kindly juice doth sprout,
My fainting legs do waste and fall away ;
Your stretched arms are clad with leaves about,
My grief-consumed arms do fast decay ;
You 'gin again your tops lift up,
I down to earth-ward 'gin to stoop :
Each bough and twig
Doth wax so big,
That scarce the rind is able it to hide ;
I do so faint,
And pine with plaint,
That slops, and hose, and galage,¹ wax too wide.

"Echo, how well may she that makes me moan,
By thy example learn to rue my pain !
Thou hear'st my plaints whenas I wail alone,
And wailing accents answerest again :
When as my breast through grief I beat,
That woeful sound thou dost repeat ;
Whenas I sob,
And heartily throb,
A doleful sobbing sound again thou sendest ;
And when I weep,
And sigh full deep,
A weepy, sighing voice again thou lendest.

"But, ah ! how oft have my sad plaints assayed
To pierce her ears, deaf only unto me !
How oft my woes, in mournful ink arrayed,
Have tried to make her eyes my griefs to see !

¹ From Fr. *galloche*.—" *Galoche*, a wooden Shooe or Patten, made all of a peece, without any latchet or ty of leather, and worne by the poore clowne in winter."—*Cotgrave*.

And you, my sighs and tears, how often
Have ye sought her hard heart to soften !
And yet her eye
Doth still deny,
For all my woes, one bitter tear to shed ;
And yet her heart
Will not impart
One hearty sigh for grief herself hath bred.

" Nor I, alas ! do wish that her fair eyes,
Her blessed-making eyes, should shed a tear ;
Nor that one sigh from her dear breast should rise,
For all the pains, the woes, the wrongs I bear :
First, let this weight oppress me still,
Ere she through me taste any ill.
Ah ! if I might
But gain her sight,
And show her ere I die my wretched case :
O then should I
Contented die :
But ah ! I die, and hope not so much grace."

With that his fainting legs to shrink begun,
And let him sink with ghastly look to ground ;
And there he lay, as though his life were done,
Till that his dog, seeing that woeful stound,¹
With piteous howling, kissing, and with scraping,
Brought him again from that sweet-sour escaping.

Then 'gan his tears so swiftly for to flow,
As forced his eyelids for to give them way ;
Then blust'ring sighs too boist'rously 'gan² blow,

¹ Swoon.

² Ed. 3, " can " (= began).

As his weak lips could not their¹ fury stay ;
 And inward grief withal so hugely swelled,
 As tears, sighs, grief, had soon all words expelled.

At last, when² floods of tears began to cease,
 And³ storms of weary sighs more calm to blow
 As he went on with words his grief to ease,
 And remnant of his broken plaint to show,
 He 'spy'd the sky o'erspread with nightly clouds ;
 So home he went, his flock and him to shroud.

EUBULUS HIS EMBLEM.

UNI MIHI PERGAMA RESTANT.

FRANCIS DAVISON.⁴

ECLOGUE

ENTITLED CUDDY.⁵

A LITTLE herdgroom, for he was no bett,
 When course of year returned the pleasant spring,
 At break of day, withouten further let,
 Cast with himself his flock afield to bring ;

¹ So ed. 1.—Later eds. "his." (Nicolas says that the reading of ed. 1 is "And their weak lips could not his fury stay ;" but ed. 1 reads "As his weake lips could not their fury stay." Frequently Nicolas makes mistakes of this sort.)

² Ed. 1, "When as his teares."

³ Ed. 1, "And weary sighes more calmely for to blowe,
 As he began with words," etc.

⁴ Eds. 2, 3, and 4 give simply the initials "F.D."

⁵ This eclogue, with the appended "Cuddy's Emblem," first appeared in ed. 2.—It is ascribed to "A. W." in Francis Davison's MS. list.

And for they had so long been pent with pain,
At sight of sun they seemed to live again.

Such was the flock, all bent to browse and play,
But nothing such their master was to see :
Down hung his drooping head like rainy day ;
His cheeks with tears like springs bedewed be ;
His wringed hand such silent moan did make,
Well may you guess he was with love y'take.

The while his flock went feeding on the green,
And wantonly for joy of summer played ;
All in despight, as if he n'ould be seen,
He cast himself to ground full ill apaid.¹
Should seem their pleasance made him more com-
plain,
For joy in sight, not felt, is double pain.

" Unhappy boy ! why liv'st thou still," quoth he,
" And hast thy deadly wound so long ago ?
What hope of afterhap sustaineth thee,
As if there might be found some ease of woe ?
Nay, better die ten thousand times than live,
Since every hour new cause of death doth give.

" The joyful Sun, whom cloudy Winter's spight
Had shut from us in watery Fishes' haske,²

¹ " Ill apaid "—discontented, sorrowful.

² So Spenser in *The Shepheardes Calendar* (November) :—

" But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
And Phœbus, weary of his yerely taske,
Ystabled hath his stœdes in lowlye laye,
And taken up his ynnne in Fishes haske."

E. K.'s gloss. runs :—" In fishes haske the sonne reigneth,

Returns again to lend the world his light,
 And red as rose begins his yearly task :
 His fiery steeds the steepy welkin beat,
 And both the horns of climbing Bull do heat.

" But ah ! no Sun of grace appears ¹ to me ;
 Close hid she lies, from whom I should have light ;
 The clouds of black disdain so foggy be,
 That blind I lie, poor boy, bereft of sight :
 And yet I see the Sun I seek to find :
 And yet the more I see, the more am blind.

" Thrice happy ground ! whom, spoiled with winter's
 rage,
 The heat of pleasant spring renews again :
 Unhappy I, who, in my spring of age,
 The frost of cold despair hath well nigh slain ;
 How shall I bide your stormy winter's smart,
 When spring itself hath froze my bloodless heart ?

" I see the beauty of thy flow'rs renew ;
 Thy mantle green with sundry colours spread :
 Thou see'st in me a change of former hue,
 Paleness for white, blackness for lively red.
 What hope of harvest fruit, or summer flowers,
 Since that my spring is drowned with tears like
 showers ?

" And last of all, but liev'st of all to me,
 Thou leany flock that didst of late lament,

that is, in the signe Pisces all Nouember : a haske is a wicker
 pad wherein they vse to cary fish."

¹ Eds. 2 and 3, "aspires."

And witness wast for shepherds all to see ;
 Thy knees so weak, thy fleece so rough and rent,
 That thou with pain didst pine away unfed,
 All for thy master was with love misled.

"Thou ¹'ginst as ²erst forget thy former state,
 And range amid the busks ³ thyself to feed :
 Fair fall thee, little flock ! both rathe ⁴ and late ;
 Was never lover's sheep that well did speed.
 Thou free, I bound ; thou glad, I pine in pain ;
 I strive to die, and thou to live full fain.

"Woe worth the stund,⁵ wherein I took delight
 To frame the shifting of my nimble feet
 To cheerful sound of pipe in moonshine night !
 Such pleasance past at erst ⁶ now makes me greet ;
 I weened by night have shunned the parching ray ;
 But night itself was twice more hot than day.

"Then first of all, and all too soon for me,
 I saw thilke Lass, nay graved her in my breast ;⁷
 Her crystal eyes more bright than moon to see,
 Her ⁸eyes, her eyes, that have robbed me of rest :
 On them I gazed, then saw I to my cost,
 Through too much sight mine only sight is lost.

¹ Ed. 4, "Now."

² So ed. 4.—Eds. 1, 2, and 3, "at."

³ Bushes.

⁴ Early.

⁵ We had this word (under the form "stound") in the sense of "fainting-fit" on p. 57, and of "sorrow" on p. 52. Here it means "time." Spenser uses the word in all three senses.

⁶ Ed. 4 "at erst does gar me greet." (Greet=lament. So in *Sheph. Cal.*, April, "Tell me, good Hobbino!, what *gars thee greet ?*")

⁷ For "nay . . . breast" ed. 4 reads "yea more than saw her too."

⁸ Ed. 4, "Her eyes, her eyes, through which I am vndoo."

"Where been the dapper ditties that I dight,
And roundelays, and virelays so soot?
Whilom with Colin's self compare I might,
For other swain to strive was little boot,
Such skill I had in making all above;
But all too little still to conquer love.

"What helps it to me to have my piping praised
Of all save her, whom I would only please?
Nought care I, though my fame to sky be raised
For pleasant song that brings my heart no ease,
Wherefore both pipe and song I all forswear,
And former pleasance wilfully forbear."

With that he cast his look to welkin high,
And saw the double shadows flit away:
And as he glanced half in despight awry,
He spied the shepherds' star¹ shut in the day;
Then rose, and homeward with his flock he went,
Whose voice did help their master's case lament.

¹ "The star that bids the shepherd fold."—Milton's *Comus*.
(Milton's line may have suggested Shelley's "*folding-star* of Bethlehem" in *Hellas*.)

CUDDY'S EMBLEM.

QUESTO PER AMAR S'AQUISTA.

THE CHRISTIAN STOICK.

THE virtuous man is free, though bound in chains ;
 Though poor, content ; though banished, yet no
 stranger ;
 Though sick, in health of mind ; secure in danger ;
 And o'er himself, the world, and fortune reigns.

Nor good haps proud, nor bad dejected make him ;
 To God's, not to Man's will, he frames each action ;
 He seeks no fame but inward satisfaction ;
 And firmer stands, the more bad fortunes [*sic*] shakes
 him.

AN ECLOGUE :

MADE LONG SINCE UPON THE DEATH OF
 SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THENOT. PERIN.

THENOT.

PERIN areed¹ what new mischance betide,
 Hath reft² thee of thy wonted merriment ?
 Fair feeds thy flock this pleasant spring beside ;
 Nor love, I ween, hath made thee discontent,
 Sild³ age and love do⁴ meet in one consent.

¹ Explain.² Ed. 1, "raft."³ Seldom.⁴ Eds. 1 and 2, "to."

PERIN.

Ah, Thenot ! where the joy of heart doth fail,
 What marvel there, if mirth and music quail ?
 See how the flow'rets ¹ of the field do spring !
 The purple rose, the lily white as snow,
 With smell and colour for an harvest king,
 May serve to make us young again, I trow :
 Yet all this pride is quickly laid full low :
 Soon as the root is nipt with northern cold,
 What smell, or beauty, can we then behold ?

THENOT.

As good not hear, as heard, not understand :
 My borrell ² brains through eld been all too dull,
 Sike mister meaning nill by me be scanned,
 All as my face, so wrinkled is my skull.
 Then say me, Perin, by thy hope of wull,
 And by thine ewes' blown bags, and bagpipes' sound,
 So not one aneling ³ in thy flock be found.

PERIN.

An, Thenot ! by thine alderliefest ⁴ lass,
 Or whatsoever is more dear to thee,
 No bagpipe name ; let song and solace pass ;
 Death hath undone my flock, my pipe and me ;
 Dead is the sheep's delight, and shepherd's glee ;
 Broke is my pipe, and I myself forlorn ;
 My sheep unfed, their fleeces rent and torn.

¹ Eds. 3 and 4, "flowers."

² Eanling, a young lamb just dropped.

³ Clownish.

⁴ Dearest of all.

THENOT.

I mickle mused such uncouth¹ change to see :
 My flocks refused to feed, yet hale they were ;
 The tender birds sat drooping on the tree ;
 The careless lambs went wand'ring here and there ;
 Myself unknown a part of grief did bear :
 Nor wist I why, yet heavy was my heart,
 Untimely death was cause of all this smart.

Up, Perin, up, advance thy mournful lays ;
 Sound loud thy pipe, but sound in doleful wise.

PERIN.

Who else but Thenot can the Muses raise,
 And teach them sing and dance in mournful guise ?
 My finger's stiff,—my voice doth hoarsely rise.

THENOT.

Ah ! where is Colin,² and his passing skill ?
 For him it fits our sorrow to fulfil.

PERIN.

Tway³ sore extremes our Colin press so near :
 Alas that such extremes should press him so !
 The want of wealth, and loss of love so dear :
 Scarce can he breathe from under heaps of woe :
 He that bears heaven, bears no such weight, I trow.

THENOT.

Hath he such skill in making⁴ all above,
 And hath no skill to get, or wealth, or love ?

¹ Strange, unaccustomed.² Spenser's pastoral name.³ Two.⁴ Writing poetry.

PERIN.

Praise is the greatest prize that Poets gain,
 A simple gain that feeds them ne'er a whit.
 ♣ The wanton lass for whom he bare such pain,
 Like running water loves to change and flit.
 But if thee list to hear a sorry fit,
 Which Cuddy could in doleful verse indite,
 Blow thou thy pipe, while I the same recite.

THENOT.

'Gin when thou list, all-be ¹ my skill but small,
 My forward mind shall make amends for all.

PERIN.

Ye nymphs that bathe your bodies in this spring,
 Your tender bodies, white as driven snow ;
 Ye virgins chaste which in this grove do sing,
 Which neither grief of love, nor death do know :
 So may your streams run clear for aye !
 So may your trees give shade alway !
 Depart a space,
 And give me place
 To wail with grief my restless woe alone ;
 For fear my cries
 Constrain your eyes
 To shed forth tears, and help lament my moan.

And thou, my Muse, that whilom wont to ease
 Thy master's mind with lays of sweet delight,
 Now change those tunes, no joy my heart can please :
 Gone is the day, come is the darksome night,

¹ Nicolas unnecessarily alters this to "albeit"; "all-be" or "albe" is a recognized form.

Our sun close hid in clouds doth lie :
We live, indeed ; but living die.
 No light we see,
 Yet wander we ;
We wander far and near without a guide :
 And all astray
 We lose our way,
For in this world n'is such a sun beside.

Ye shepherds' boys that lead your flocks afield
The whilst your sheep feed safely round about,
Break me your pipes that pleasant sound did yield ;
Sing now no more the songs of Colin Clout.
 Lament the end of all our joy,
 Lament the source of all annoy.
 Willy¹ is dead,
 That wont to lead
Our flocks and us in mirth and shepherds' glee :
 Well could he sing,
 Well dance and spring ;
Of all the shepherds was none such as he.

How often hath his skill in pleasant song
Drawn all the water nymphs from out their bow'rs ?
How have they lain the tender grass along,
And made him garlands gay of smelling flow'rs !
 Phœbus himself, that conquered Pan,
 Striving with Willy, nothing wan.
 Methinks I see
 The time when he

¹ Eds. 2 and 3 read "Sidney." I cannot recall any other poem in which the name "Willy" is given to Sidney.

Plucked from his golden locks the laurel crown ;
And so to raise
Our Willy's praise,
Bedecked his head, and softly set him down.

The learned Muses flocked ¹ to hear his skill
And quite forgot their water, wood, and mount ;
They thought his songs were done too quickly still ;
Of none but Willy's pipe they made account.

He sang, they seemed in joy to flow ;
He ceased, they seemed to weep for woe.

The rural rout,
All round about,
Like bees came swarming thick to hear him sing ;
Ne could they think
On meat or drink
While Willy's music in their ears did ring.

But now, alas ! such pleasant mirth is past !
Apollo weeps, the Muses rend their hair ;
No joy on earth that any time can last :
See where his breathless corpse lies on the bier !

That selfsame hand that reft his life
Hath turned shepherds' peace to strife.

Our joy is fled,
Our life is dead,
Our hope, our help, our glory all is gone ;
Our poet's praise,
Our happy days,
And nothing left but grief to think thereon.

What Thames, what Severn, or what western seas,
Shall give me floods of trickling tears to shed ?

¹ Eds. 2, 3, 4, "flock."

What comfort can my restless grief appease ?
 Oh that mine eyes were fountains in my head !

Ah, Colin, I lament thy case :

For thee remains no hope of grace.

The best relief

Of Poet's grief

Is dead and wrapped full cold in filthy clay ;

And nought remains

To ease our pains,

But hope of death to rid us hence away.

Phillis, thine is the greatest grief, above the rest.

Where bin thy sweetest posies featly dight,

Thy garlands with a true love's knot address,

And all that erst thou Willy didst behight ?¹

Thy labour all is lost in vain ;

The grief whereof² shall aye remain.

The sun so³ bright

That falls to-night,

To-morrow from the East again shall rise ;

But we decay

And waste away,

Without return : alas ! thy Willy dies.

See how the drooping flocks refuse to feed !

The rivers stream with tears above the banks ;

The trees do shed their leaves, to wail agreed ;

The beasts, unfed, go mourning all in ranks ;

¹ Command.

² This word is found in ed. 1 ; but is omitted (to the detriment of the metre) in all later editions.

³ "So"—omitted in eds. 2. and 3.

The sun denies the earth his light ;
The spring is killed with winter's might ;
 The flowers spill,
 The birds are still,
No voice of joy is heard in any place ;
 The meadows green
 A change have seen,
And Flora hides her pale disfigured face.

Watch now, ye shepherds' boys, with waking eye,
And lose your time of sleep to learn to sing.
Unhappy skill, what good is got thereby
But painted praise that can no profit bring ?
 If skill could move the Sisters three,
 Our Willy still alive should be.
 The wolf so wood ¹
 Amazed stood
At sound of Willy's pipe, and left his prey.
 Both pipe and skill
 The Sisters spill :
So worse than any wicked wolf are they.

O flatt'ring hope of mortal men's delight !
So fair in outward show, so foul within :
The deepest streams do flow full calm to sight ;
The rav'ning wolves do jet in wether's skin.
 We deemed our Willy aye should live,
 So sweet a sound his pipe could give.
 But cruel death
 Hath stopped his breath :

¹ " Wood " (printed " woo'd " by Nicolas) = furious, raging.

Dumb lies his pipe that wont so sweet to sound :

Our flocks lament

His life is spent,

And careless wander all the woods around.

"Come now, ye shepherds' daughters, come no more

To hear the songs that Cuddy wont to sing :

Hoarse is my Muse, my throat with crying sore ;

These woods with echo of my grief do ring.

Your Willy's life was Cuddy's joy ;

Your Willy's death hath killed the boy :

Broke lies my pipe

Till reeds be ripe

To make a new one, but a worse I fear :

Save year by year

To wail my dear,

All pipe and song I utterly forswear."

THENOT.

Alack and well-a-day ! may shepherds cry,

Our Willy dead, our Colin killed with care !

Who shall not loathe to live, and long to die ?

And will not grief our little Cuddy spare,

But must he too of sorrow have a share ?

Aye how his rueful verse hath pricked my heart !

How feelingly hath he expressed our smart !

PERIN.

Ah, Thenot ! hadst thou seen his sorry look,

His wringed hands, his eyes to heaven upkest,¹

His tears that streamed like water in the brook,

His sighs, that made his rhymes seem rudely drest.

But hie we homeward ; night approacheth near,

And rainy clouds in southern skies appear.

A. W.

¹ Upcast.

ECLOGUE.

SHEPHERD. HERDMAN.

SHEPHERD.

COME, gentle herdman, sit by me,
And tune thy pipe by mine,
Here underneath this willow tree,
To shield the hot sunshine ;
Where I have made my summer bower,
For proof of summer beams ;
And decked it up with many a flower,
Sweet seated by the streams ;
Where gentle Daphne once a day
These flow'ry banks doth walk,
And in her bosom bears away
The pride of many a stalk ;
But leaves the humble heart behind,
That should her garland dight ;
And she, sweet soul ! the more unkind,
To set true loves so light :
But whereas others bear the bell,
As in her favour blest,
Her shepherd loveth her as well
As those whom she loves best.

HERDMAN.

Alas, poor pastor ! I find
Thy love is lodged so high,
That on thy flock thou hast no mind,
But feed'st a wanton eye.

If dainty Daphne's looks besot
Thy doating heart's desire,
Be sure, that far above thy lot
Thy liking doth aspire.
To love so sweet a nymph as she,
And look for love again,
Is fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a shepherd's swain.
For she of lordly lads decoyed,¹
And sought of great estates ;
Her favour scorns to be enjoyed
By us poor lowly mates.
Wherefore I warn thee to be wise ;
Go with me to my walk,
Where lowly lasses be not nice ;
There like and choose thy make ;²
Where are no pearls nor gold to view,
No pride of silken sight,
But petticoats of scarlet hue,
Which veil the skin snow-white.
There truest lasses been to get
For love and little cost :
There sweet desire is paid his debt,
And labour seldom lost.

SHEPHERD.

No, herdman, no ! thou rav'st too loud,
Our trade so vile to hold ;
My weed as great a heart doth shroud,
As his that's clad in gold.
And take the truth that I thee tell,
This song fair Daphne sings,

¹ Caressed, fondled.² Mate.

"That Cupid will be served as well
Of shepherds as of kings."
For proof whereof, old books record
That Venus, queen of love,
Would set aside her warlike lord,
And youthful pastors prove ;
How Paris was as well beloved,
A simple shepherd's boy,
As after when that he was proved
King Priam's son of Troy.
And therefore have I better hope,
As had those lads of yore :
My courage takes as large a scope,
Although their haps were more.
And that thou shalt not deem I jest,
And bare a mind more base,
No meaner hope shall haunt my breast
Than dearest Daphne's grace.
My mind no other thought retains ;
Mine eye nought else admires ;
My heart no other passion strains,
Nor other hap desires.
My Muse of nothing else entreats,
My pipe nought else doth sound,
My veins no other fever heats,
Such faith's in shepherds found.

HERDMAN.

Ah ! shepherd, then I see, with grief,
Thy care is past all cure ;
No remedy for thy relief,
But patiently endure.

Thy wonted liberty is fled,
Fond fancy breeds thy bane,
Thy sense of folly brought abed,
Thy wit is in the wane.
I can but sorrow for thy sake,
Since love lulls thee asleep ;
And whilst out of thy dream thou wake,
God shield thy straying sheep !
Thy wretched flock may rue and curse
This proud desire of thine,
Whose woeful state from bad to worse
Thy careless eye will pine.
And even as they, thyself likewise
With them shall wear and waste
To see the spring before thine eyes,
Thou thirsty canst not taste.
Content thee, therefore, with conceit,
Where others gain the grace ;
And think thy fortune at the height,
To see but Daphne's face.
Although thy truth deserved well
Reward above the rest,
Thy haps shall be but means to tell
How other men are blest.
So, gentle shepherd, farewell now !
Be warned by my reed ;
For I see written in thy brow,
Thy heart for love doth bleed.
Yet longer with thee would I stay,
If aught would do thee good ;
But nothing can the heat allay,
Where love inflames the blood.

SHEPHERD.

Then, herdman, since it is my lot,
 And my good liking such,
 Strive not to break the faithful knot
 That thinks no pain too much :
 For what contents my Daphne best
 I never will despise,
 So she but wish my soul good rest
 When death shall close mine eyes.
 Then, herdman, farewell once again,
 For now the day is fled :
 So might thy cares, poor shepherd's swain,
 Fly from thy careful head !

IGNOTO.¹

ECLOGUE.

CONCERNING OLD AGE.

The beginning and end of this Eclogue are wanting.

PERIN. WRENOCK.

PERIN.

FOR when thou art not as thou wont of yore,
 No cause why life should please thee any more.
 Whilom I was in course of former years,
 Ere freezing Eld had cooled my youthly ² rage ;
 Of mickle worth among my shepherds' peers.
 Now for I am some-deal 'ystept in age,

¹ The signature "Ignoto" is found only in ed. 1.

² So eds. 1, 2, 3.—Ed. 4, "youthfull."

For pleasance, strength, and beauty 'gins assuage,
 Each little herd-groom laughs my wrinkled face
 Each bonny lass for Cuddy shuns the place :
 For all this woe none can we justly twight,¹
 But hateful Eld, the foe to pleasant rest,
 Which like a thief doth rob us of delight.

WRENOCK.

Perin, enough ; few words been always best ;
 Needs must be borne that cannot be redrest.
 Self am I as thou seest in thilke estate ;
 The grief is eath² to bear that haz a mate :
 But sicker³ for to speak the truth, indeed,
 Thou seem'st to blame that blameless seems to me,
 And hurtless Eld to sneb⁴ ; (ill mought he speed,
 That slays the dog, for wolves so wicked be ;)
 The faults of men thou lay'st on age, I see ;
 For which if Eld were in itself to blame,
 Then I and all my peers should taste the same.

PERIN.

Wrenock, I ween, thou doat'st through rusty Eld,
 And think'st with feigned words to blear mine eye ;
 Thou for thy store art ever blissful⁵ held :
 Thy heaps of gold, nil let thee sorrow spy :
 Thy flocks full safe here under shade do lie ;
 Thy weanlings fat, thine ewes with bladder⁶ blown :
 A jollier shepherd have we seldom known.

¹ Twit, reproach.² Easy.³ Assuredly.⁴ Reproach.⁵ So eds. 1 and 2.—Ed. 3, "blesfull" ; ed. 4, "blessefull."⁶ So eds. 3 and 4.—Eds. 1 and 2, "bladders."

WRENOCK.

For thilke my store, great Pan y^herried¹ be :
 But if for-thy² mine age with joy I bear,
 How falls it that thyself unlike to me,
 Art vexed so with grief and bootless fear ?
 Thy store will let thee sleep on either ear.³
 But neither want makes age to wise men hard ;
 Nor fools by wealth from grievous pains are barred.

PERIN.

Seest not how free yond lambkin skips⁴ and⁵ plays,
 And wags his tail, and buts with tender head ?
 All for he feels the heat of youthly⁶ days,
 Which secret law of kind hath inly bred.
 Thilke ewe from whom all joy with youth is fled,
 See how it hangs the head, as it would weep ;
 Whilom it skipped,⁶ uneaths⁶ now may it creep.

WRENOCK.

No fellowship hath state of beasts with man ;
 In them is nought but strength of limb and bone,
 Which ends with age, as it with age began.

¹ Honoured.—So Spenser in the *Shepherds Calendar* (November) :—

“ Free from the world’s vile and inconstant charms,
 And herry Pan with orizons and alms.”

² “ For-thy ”—therefore. (Ed. 4 “ for thee.”)

³ Cf. “ Endormir sur l’une et l’autre oreille. To sot with ease
 or delights.”—*Cotgrave*.

⁴ Eds. 2 and 4, “ youthly.”

⁵ Nicolas was mistaken in saying that ed. 1 reads “ wrigs ”;
 the reading of ed. 1 is “ skipt.”

⁶ “ Uneaths ”—not easily; scarcely. (Nicolas gives “ neaths.”)

But man, they say'n (as other creature none)
 Hath uncouth ¹ fire conveyed from heaven by one :
 His name, I wist, that yields him inward light,
 Sike ² fire as Welkin shows in winter night.

Which neither age nor time can wear away ;
 Which waxeth bett for use, as shepherd's crook,
 That ever shineth brighter day by day.
 Also though wrinkled seem the aged look,
 Bright shines the fire that from the stars we took
 And sooth to say, thilke ewe laments the pain
 That thilke same wanton lamb is like sustain.

PERIN.

Ah, Wrenock ³ ! be not all thy teeth on edge,
 To see youngth's folk to sport in pastimes gay ?
 To pitch the barr, to throw the weighty sledge ;
 To dance with Phillis all the holy-day ;
 To hunt by day the fox ; by night the gray ? ⁴
 Sike peerless pleasures wont us for to queem, ⁵
 Now lig we laid, as drowned in heavy dream. ⁶

DEEST.

¹ Strange.² Such.³ Old eds. "Thenot."⁴ Badger.⁵ Please.⁶ Subscribed "Anomos" in ed. 1. The eclogue is attributed to "A. W." in Davison's MS. list.

SONNETS, ODES, ELEGIES,
MADRIGALS, AND
EPIGRAMS,

BY

FRANCIS DAVISON AND WALTER DAVISON,
BRETHREN.

SONNETS.

A COMPLAINT.¹

OF WHICH ALL THE STAVES END WITH THE WORDS
OF THE FIRST, LIKE A SESTINE.

I.

YE ghastly groves, that hear my woeful cries,
Whose shady leaves do shake to hear my pain ;
Thou silver stream, that dost with tears lament
The cruel chance that doth my grief increase ;
Ye chirping birds, whose cheerless notes declare
That ye bewail the woes I feel in mind !
Bear witness how with care I do consume,
And hear the cause why thus I pine away !

¹ The poems on pp. 80-101 (to the end of the epigrams) first appeared in ed. 2 (1608).

II.

Love is the cause that makes me pine away,
 And makes you hear the echo of my cries,
 Through grief's increase : and though the cause of
 pain

Which doth enforce me still thus to lament,
 Proceed from love, and though my pain increase
 By daily cries which do that pain declare,
 And witness are of my afflicted mind,
 Yet cry I will, till crying me consume.

III.

For as the fire the stubble doth consume,
 And as the wind doth drive the dust away,
 So pensive hearts are spent with doleful cries,
 And cares distract the mind with pinching pain.
 But all in vain I do my cares lament ;
 My sorrow doth my sobs, sighs, tears increase :
 Though sobs, sighs, tears, my torments do declare,
 Sobs, sighs, nor tears, move not her flinty mind.

IV.

I am cast out of her ungrateful mind ;
 And she hath sworn I shall in vain consume
 My weary days—my life must waste away,
 Consumed with pain, and worn with restless cries.¹
 So Philomel, too much oppressed with pain,
 By his misdeed that causeth her lament,
 Doth day and night her mournful lays increase,
 And to the woods her sorrows doth declare.

¹ Ed. 4, "Consum'd with deadly pain and restless cries."

V.

Some ease it is hid sorrows to declare ;¹
 But too small ease to such a grieved mind,
 Which by repeating woes doth more consume
 To end which woes I find at all no way ;
 A simple salve to cure so great a pain ;
 But to death's deafened ears to bend my cries.
 Come, then, ye ghastly owls, help me lament !
 And as my cries, so let your shrieks increase.

¹ In ed. 4 the concluding stanzas run thus (with modernized orthography) :—

" It is some ease hid sorrows to declare,
 But too small ease to such a grieved mind ;
 As by repeating cries doth more consume,
 To end that which he finds at all no way.
 But careful sighs mingled with ruthful cries,
 (A simple salve to cure so great a pain :)
 Come then, ye ghastly owls, help me lament,
 With fearful shrieks, and as your shrieks increase.

VI.

" Whenas the sun departing doth increase
 The doubted shadows which as signs declare
 The night draws near, so I to ease my mind,
 Here will augment my plaints ; so to consume
 My wasted life : and though you fly away
 Soon as the day returns and cease your cries ;
 Yet I, unhappy wretch, oppressed with pain,
 But [Both] day and night am forced to lament

VII.

" So foul a change : but while I thus lament
 My grief with tears, the more for to increase
 My woe with scoffs, my state she doth declare
 To him who first from me her wanton mind

VI.

For as your shrieks (the tunes of death) increase,
 When sun is set and shadows do declare
 The night's approach ; so I from my dark mind,
 Since my bright sun is fled, in cries consume
 My night of woes ; and though you fly away
 Soon as the day ¹ returns and cease your cries,
 Yet I by day find no release of pain,
 But day and night so foul a change lament.

VII.

But while I thus to senseless things lament,
 Ruth of my case in them thereby d' increase,
 Which she feels not, with scoffs she doth declare
 My pangs to him, who first her wanton mind

By gifts did win ; since when I still consume
 Aye more and more ; ne find I any way
 To ease my mind : but thus with mournful cries
 I living die, and dying live in pain.

VIII.

" And now adieu delight, and farewell pain ;
 Adieu vain hope ; I shall no more lament
 Her feigned faith which did my woes increase !
 And ye to whom my griefs I thus declare ;
 Ye which have heard the secrets of my mind,
 And seen my lingering life in pain consume ; -
 Adieu, ye woods and waters ! hence away ;
 By death I must, and cease my ruthful cries.

" Ye which hear not my cries, nor know my pain,
 Yet do my chance lament : let pity increase ;
 Your grief by tears declare, to ease your mind ;
 Witness how I consume and waste away."

¹ Ed. 3, "daies."

From me did win : since when I still consume
 Like wax 'gainst fire, like snow that melts away
 Before the sun : thus, thus, with mournful cries
 I living die, and dying live in pain.

VIII.

And now adieu delight, and farewell pain ;
 Adieu vain hope ; I shall no more lament
 Her feigned faith which did my woes increase !
 And ye to whom my griefs I thus declare,
 Ye which have heard the secrets of my mind ;
 And seeing then my ling'ring life in pain consume,
 Grove, brook, and birds adieu ! now hence away
 By death I will, and cease my deadly cries.

FRANCIS DAVISON.¹

INSCRIPTIONS.

THISBE.

YE woeful sires, whose causeless hate hath bred
 Grief to yourselves, death to my love and me,
 Let us not be disjoined when we are dead,
 Though we alive conjoined could never be.
 Though cruel stars denied us two one bed,
 Yet in one tomb us two entombed see.
 Like as the dart was one, and one the knife,
 That did begin our love and end our life.

¹ In Davison's MS. list the poem is attributed to "A. W."

CLYTEMNESTRA TO HER SON ORESTES

COMING TO KILL HER FOR MURDERING HIS
FATHER AGAMEMNON.

HOLD ! hold thy hand, vile son of viler mother !
Death I deserve, but oh not by thy knife.
One parent to revenge wilt thou kill the other,
And give her death that gave thee, wretch, thy life ?
Furies will plague thy murder execrable,
Stages will play thee, and all mothers curse thee.
To wound this womb or breast, how art thou able,
When the one did bear thee, and the other nurse
thee ?

AJAX.

THIS sword is mine, or will Laertes' son
Win this as he Achilles' armour won ?
This sword, which you, O Greeks, oft bathed have
known
In Trojan blood, I'll now bathe in mine own.
This fearless breast, which all mine enemies fierce
Have left unpierced, now I myself will pierce.
So men shall say, Ajax to none did yield,
But t' Ajax' self ; and Ajax Ajax killed.

ROMULUS.

NO common womb was fit me forth to bring,
But a pure virgin priest, child to a king :
No mortal father worthy was to breed me ;
Nor human milk was fierce enough to feed me.
Therefore the God of war by wonder bred me,
And a she-wolf by no less wonder fed me.
In fine, the Gods, because earth was too base,
T' entomb me dead, did me in heaven place.

FABRITIUS CURIO,

WHO REFUSED GOLD OF THE SAMNITES, AND DIS-
COVERED TO KING PYRRHUS HIS PHYSICIAN,
THAT OFFERED TO POISON HIM.

MY famous country values gold far less
Than conquest brave of such as gold possess.
To be o'ercome with wealth I do not use,
And to o'ercome with poison I refuse.
No hand loves more than mine to give to many ;
No heart hates more than mine to take of any.
With so firm steel virtue my mind hath armed
That not by gold nor iron can it be harmed.

CATO UTICAN,

WHO SLEW HIMSELF BECAUSE HE WOULD NOT
FALL INTO CÆSAR'S HANDS.

CÆSAR, thou hast o'ercome, to thy great fame,
Proud Germans, valiant Gauls, and Britons rude,
Rome's liberty (but to thine eternal shame)
And her great champion thou hast eke subdued.
Yet neither shall thy triumphs with my name
Be graced, nor sword be with my blood imbrued :
Though all the conquered earth do now serve thee,
Cato will die unconquered and free !

A DIALOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF THAT BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA,
BEGINNING, "DONEC GRATUS ERAM TIBI," &c.¹

LOVER.

WHILE thou didst love me, and that neck of thine,
More sweet, white, soft than roses, silver, down,²
Did wear a necklace of no arms but mine,
I envied not the King of Spain his crown.

¹ I doubt whether any classical verses have been so frequently translated and imitated by English poets as this ode of Horace (iii. 9). It has been a greater favourite than "Beatus ille."

² Nicolas reads "than roses' silver down" !

LADY.

While of thy heart I was sole sovereign,
And thou didst sing none but Melina's name,
Whom for brown Chloe thou dost now disdain,
I envied not the Queen of England's fame.

LOVER.

Though Chloe be less fair, she is more kind ;
Her graceful dancing doth so please mine eye,
And through mine ears her voice so charms my mind,
That so dear she may live, I'll willing die.

LADY.

Though Crispus cannot sing my praise in verse,
I love him so for skill in tilting shown,
And graceful managing of coursers fierce,
That his dear life to save I'll lose mine own.

LOVER.

What if I sue to thee again for grace,
And sing thy praises sweeter than before,
If out of my heart I blot Chloe's face,
Wilt thou love me again, love him no more?

LADY.

Though he be fairer than the morning star ;
Though lighter than the floating cork thou be ;
And than the Irish sea more angry far ;
With thee I wish to live, and die with thee.

MADRIGALS.

I.

THOUGH you be not content
 That I, poor worm, should love you,
 As Cupid's power and your sweet beauty cause me ;
 Yet, dear, let pity move you
 To give me your consent
 To love my life, as law of nature draws me :
 And if my life I love, then must I too
 Love your sweet self, for my life lives in you.

II.

BORROWED OUT OF A GREEK EPIGRAM.¹

HE'S rich enough whose eyes behold thee ;
 Who hears thee sing, a monarch is :
 A demi-god who doth thee kiss ;
 And love himself whose arms enfold thee.

III.

UPON HER DREAMING THAT SHE SAW HIM DEAD.

O FAIR, yet murd'ring eyes,
 Stars of my miseries,
 Who while night clouds your beams,
 How much you wish my death show in your dreams !
 Is't not enough that waking you do spill me,
 But you asleep must kill me ?

¹ The second half of Rufinus' epigram, *Antholog. Graeca*, v.
 94 :

εὐδαίμων ὁ βλέπων σε· τρισόβριος ὅστις ἀκούει·
 ἡμίθεος δ' ὁ φιλῶν· ἀθάνατος δ' ὁ γαμῶν.

O kill me still while you your sleep are taking,
So you lend me kind looks when you are waking !

IV.

THE¹ sound of thy sweet name, my dearest treasure,
Delights me more than sight of other faces :
A glimpse of thy sweet face breeds me more pleasure,
Than any other's kindest words and graces.

One gracious word that from thy lips proceedeth,
I value more than others' dovelike kisses :
And thy chaste kiss in my conceit exceedeth
Others' embraces, and love's chiefest blisses.

SONNET.

WHEN trait'rous Photine Cæsar did present
With his great rival's honourable head,
He taught his eyes a stream of tears to shed,
Hiding in his false heart his true content.

And Hannibal, when Fortune's balance light
Raised low-brought Rome and swayed proud
Carthage down,
While all but he bewailed their yielding town,
He laughed to ease his swelling heart's despight.

Thus cunning minds can mask with diverse art
Grief under feigned smiles, joy under tears :

¹ "The sound of thy sweet name," etc.—In all previous editions these eight lines have been printed as part of *Madrigal III.* ; but they are evidently a separate piece.

Like Hannibal, I cannot hide my fears,
 Setting clear looks upon a cloudy heart.
 But let me joys enjoy, dear ; you shall try,
 Cæsar hid not his joys so well as I.

SONNET.

WHILE love in you did live, I only lived in you ;
 While you for me did burn, for you alone I
 burned ;
 While you did sigh for me, for you I sighed and
 mourned ;
 Till you proved false to me, to you I was most true.
 But since love died in you, in you I live no more,
 Your heart a servant new, mine a new saint en-
 joyeth :
 My sight offends your eyes, mine eyes your sight
 annoyeth :
 Since you held me in scorn, by you I set no store.
 Yet if dead love [revive], if your late flames return,
 If you lament your change, and count me your sole
 treasure,
 My love more fresh shall spring, my flame more
 bright shall burn ;
 I'll love none else but you, and love you without
 measure :
 If not, untrue, farewell : in sand I'll sow no grain,
 Nor plant my love, but where love yields me love
 again.

TO MISTRESS DIANA.

PHŒBUS of all the Gods I wish to be ;
 Not of the world to have the overseeing :
 For of all things in the world's circuit being,
 One only thing I always wish to see.
 Not of all herbs the hidden force to know,
 For ah ! my wound by herbs cannot be cured :
 Not in the sky to have a place assured,
 For my ambition lies on earth below ;
 Not to be prince of the celestial quire,
 For I one nymph prize more than all the Muses :
 Not with his bow to offer love abuses,
 For I Love's vassal am, and dread his ire :
 But that thy light from mine, might borrowed be,
 And fair Diana might shine under me.

MADRIGAL, UPON HIS DEPARTURE.

SURE, dear, I love you not ; for he that loveth,
 When he from her doth part,
 That's mistress of his heart,
 A deadly pain, a hellish torment proveth.
 But when sad fates did sever
 Me far from seeing you, I would see ever ;
 I felt in my absenting
 No pain, nor no tormenting.
 For sense of pain how could he find,
 That left his heart and soul behind ?

EPIGRAMS,

TRANSLATED OUT OF MARTIAL.

AD ÆLIAM, I.¹ 19.

Si memini, fuerant tibi quatuor, Ælia, dentes,
 Exspuit una duos tussis, et una duos.
 Jam secura potes totis tussire diebus,
 Nil istic quod agat tertia tussis habet.

FOUR teeth of late you had, both black and shaking,
 Which durst not chew your meat for fear of
 aching ;

But since your cough, without a barber's aid,
 Hath blown them out, you need not be afraid
 On either side to chew hard crusts, for sure
 Now from the tooth-ache you live most secure.

IN HERM., II. 15.

Quod nulli calicem tuum propinas,
 Humane facis, Herme ; non superbe.

A MONSIEUR NASO, VEROLE.

NASO lets none drink in his glass but he.
 Think you, 'tis curious pride ? 'Tis courtesy.

DE MANUELLA, I. 83.²

Os et labra³ tibi lingit, Manuella, catellus ;
 Non minor merdas si libet esse cani.

I MUSE not that your dog turds oft doth eat,
 To a tongue that licks your lips a turd's sweet meat.

¹ Old eds. " 76 l. i. "² Old eds. " 51 l. i. "³ Old eds. " libra. "

DE MILONE

[*Suppositicia*, 5.]

Milo domi non est ; peregre Milone profecto,
 Arva vacant, uxor non minus inde parit,
 Cur sit ager sterilis, cur uxor lactitet, edam :
 Quo fodiatur ager non habet, uxor habet.

MILO lives long in France, and while he's there
 His ground bears nought, his wife doth children bear.
 Why should th' one barren, th' other fertile be?
 His ground lacks ploughing up, so doth not she.

DE CODRO, III. 15.

Plus credit nemo, quam tota Codrus in urbe.
 Cum sit tam pauper, quomodo ? cæcus amat.

CODRUS, although but of mean estate,
 Trusts more than any merchant in the city ;
 For being old and blind, he hath of late
 Married a wife, young, wanton, fair, and witty.

AD QVINTUM, V. 75.

Quæ legis causa nupsit tibi Lælia, Quinte,
 Uxorem hanc poteris dicere legitimam.

THY lawful wife fair Lælia needs must be,
 For she was forced by law to marry thee.

[IN MARONEM, XI. 67.]

Nil mihi das vivus, dicis post fata daturum.
 Si non es stultus, scis, Maro, quid cupiam.

TO A. S.

RICH Chremes while he lives will nought bestow
 On his poor heirs, but all at his last day.
 If he be half as wise as rich, I trow,
 He thinks that for his life they seldom pray.

[AD AEMILIANUM, V. 81.]

Semper eris pauper¹ si pauper es Æmiliane.
Dantur opes nullis nunc nisi divitibus.²

TO ALL POOR SCHOLARS.

Fall ye of wealth, of wealth ye still will fall,
None but fat sows are now greased in the tail.

¹ "Semper pauper eris" is the true reading.

² "The following translation of this Epigram, amongst which are two, excepting in a mere verbal alteration, the same as that in the text, together with the others which follow them, are taken from Harl. MSS. 290, and the grounds on which they are attributed to Francis Davison are fully explained in the memoir of his life at the commencement of this volume. The words omitted are rendered illegible by the carelessness of the binder; in one or two places the words apparently defaced are supplied, and placed within brackets.

Semper eris pauper, &c.

If thou be poor, poor shalt thou still remain,
Little grows less, but wealth more wealth doth gain.

[Those who] are poor shall yet be nearer driv'n :
[For] only to the rich are all things giv'n.

The rich find friends ; the poor stand [quite] alone :
They wealth and honour gain ; the poor get none.

[Fairest] thou of wealth ? of wealth thou still wilt fail ;
[Now] men grease none but fat sows in the tail.

If thou be poor, thou wilt be poorer yet,
For fat sows' tails now all the grease do get.

If thou be poor, poor still thou'lt be, that's flat ;
No sows' tails now are greas'd, but those are fat.

IN CINNAM, vii. 43.

Primum est ut praestes, si quid te, Cinna, rogabo,
 Illud deinde sequens, ut cito, Cinna, neges.
 Diligo praestantem, non odi, Cinna, negantem,
 Sed tu nec praestas, nec cito, Cinna, negas.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

MY just demands soon grant or soon deny ;
 Th' one friendship shows, and th' other courtesy.
 But who, nor soon doth grant, nor soon say no,
 Doth not true friendship, and good manners know.

Nothing hangs now for poor men's mouths at all ;
 But all good haps in rich men's mouths do fall.

Dost thou want wealth ? 'faith thou shalt want it more.
 But hast thou much ? thou shalt have greater store.

Honour and wealth are wit and virtue's nurses ;
 And wit and virtue, wealth and honour merit :
 But wit and virtue join'd with empty purses,
 [Nor] wealth, nor honour, in this time inherit.

..... burthen that doth bear the steve
 of so sore a weight as poverty.

Want's like an Irish bog, wherein who sticketh,
 By striving to get out, still deeper sinketh.

Virtue and learning were in former time
 Sure ladders by the which a man might climb
 To honor's seat : but now they will not hold,
 Unless the mounting steps be made of gold.

Virtue and learning, that were late neglected,
 And now (oh ! happy times !) restored to grace ;
 And nothing now in suitors is respected,
 But that they have good gifts fit for the place.

IN CINNAM, iii,¹ 61.

Esse nihil dicis, quicquid petis, improbe Cinna ;
Si nil, Cinna, petis, nil tibi, Cinna nego.

WHATSOEVER you coggingly require,
'Tis nothing, Cinna, still you cry :
Then, Cinna, you have your desire ;
If you ask nought, nought I deny.

Who seeks promotion now is not respected,
Except he have good gifts for the place.

The following translations, which have not before been printed,
were taken from the same MS.

Haud facile emergunt.

Virtue, thou canst not now to honour flee
Except thy wings with gold well . . . ped² be.

If Virtue's wings be clypt by poverty,
She cannot now unto preferment fly.

*Funi³ gestato geritur nunc funi sacerdos.
Et jugulum qui obiit pectora funis obit.*

A rope bears him who late a rope did bear ;
And what his reins late wore, his neck doth wear.

Who bore a rope, now by a rope is borne ;
And now his neck wears that, his back hath worn.

Who bare a rope, now by a rope is borne,
And what his loins wore, by his neck is worn.

Te speculum fallit, &c.

Gellia, thy glass extremely flatters thee :
For if thy filthy face thou once shouldst see
In a true glass, doubtless thou wouldst refrain
From ever looking in a glass again."—NICOLAS.

¹ Old eds. "107 l. 5." ² The MS. plainly reads "imped".

³ The MS. appears to read "Funiger intorto ge[r]itur nunc
fune Lenardus."

DE PHILONE, v. 47.

Nunquam se coenasse domi Philo jurat, et hoc est,
Non coenat quoties nemo vocavit eum.

PHILO swears he ne'er eats at home a-nights :
He means, he fasts when no man him invites.

[AD POLLIONEM, xii. 12.

Omnia promittis cum tota nocte bibisti ;
Mane nihil praestas. Pollio, mane bibe.]

YOU promise mountains still to me,
When over-night stark drunk you be ;
But nothing you perform next day :
Henceforth be morning drunk, I pray.

AD PESSIMOS CONJUGES, viii. 35.

Cum sitis similes, paresque vita :
Uxor pessima, pessimus maritus,
Miror non bene convenire vobis.

WHY do your wife and you so ill agree,
Since you in manners so well matched be ?
Thou brazen-faced ; she impudently bold ;
Thou still dost brawl ; she evermore doth scold.
Thou seldom sober art ; she often drunk ;
Thou a whore-hunting knave ; she a known punk.
Both of you filch, both swear, and damn, and lie ;
And both take pawns, and Jewish usury.
Not manners like, make man and wife agree ;
Their manners must both like and virtuous be.

EPIGRAMS.

A RULE FOR COURTIERERS.

HE that will thrive in court, must oft become,
Against his will, both blind, and deaf, and dumb.

ON A PAINTED COURTESAN.

WHOSOEVER saith thou sellest all, doth jest :
Thou buy'st thy beauty, that sells all the rest.

IN AULAM.

HER sons rich Aula terms her lechers all,
Whom other dames, loves, friends, and servants call.
And sure methinks her wit
Gives them a name more fit ;
For if all mothers them their sons do call,
Whom they have only borne nine months in all ;
May she not call them sons with better reason,
Whom she hath borne nine times as long a season ?

FOR A LOOKING-GLASS.

IF thou be fair, thy beauties beautify
With virtuous deeds and manners answerable :
If thou be foul, thy beauty's want supply,
With a fair mind and actions commendable.

IN ASINIUM.

THOU still wert wont, in earnest or in jest,
 To praise an ass as a most worthy beast.
 Now like an ass thyself thou still commendest,
 Whats'e'er thou speak'st, with thine own praise thou
 endest.

Oh ! I perceive thou praisest learnedly,
 An ass in *Thesi* and *Hippothesi*.

ON A LIMPING CUCKOLD.

THOU evermore dost ancient poets blame,
 For feigning Venus wife to Vulcan lame.
 I blame the stars, and Hymen too, that gave
 A fair straight wife to thee, a foul lame knave :
 And nought doth ease my grief but only this,
 Thy Venus now hath got a Mars to kiss.

ON CRAMBO, A LOUSY SHIFTER.

BY want of shift since lice at first are bred ;
 And after, by the same increased and fed :
 Crambo, I muse how you have lice so many ;
 Since all men know you shift as much as any.

IN QUINTUM.

QUINTUS is burnt,¹ and may thereof be glad ;
 For being poor, he hath a good pretence
 At every church to crave benevolence,
 For one that had by fire lost all he had.

¹ *Burnt* is here used as in *Lear*, lii. 2, "No heretics *burnt* but wenches' suitors." (Cf. Sir John Davies' thirty-fifth epigram.)

IN SABAM.

WHY will not Saba in a glass behold
 Her face, since she grew wrinkled, pale and old?
 Doubtless, I think she doubts that ugly sight,
 Like cow-turn'd¹ Io would herself affright.

IN AULUM.

AULUS gives nought, men say, though much he crave;
 Yet I can tell to whom the pox he gave.

F. D.

SONNETS.

DEDICATION OF THESE RHYMES TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

IF my harsh humble style, and rhymes ill dressed,
 Arrive not to your worth and beauty glorious,
 My Muse's shoulders are with weight oppressed,
 And heavenly beams are o'er my fight victorious.
 If these dim colours have your worth expressed,
 Laid by love's² hand, and not by art laborious,
 Your sun-like rays have my wits' harvest blessed,
 Enabling me to make your praise notorious.

But if, alas! alas! the heavens defend it!
 My lines your eyes, my love your heart displeasing,
 Breed hate in you, and kill my hope of easing;
 Say, with yourself, how can the wretch amend it?
 I wond'rous fair, he wond'rous dearly loving,
 How can his thoughts but make his pen be moving?

¹ Ed. 2, "cow-turd."

² Eds. 2 and 3, "Lovers."

THAT HE CANNOT HIDE OR DISSEMBLE HIS
AFFECTION.

I BEND my wits, and beat my weary brain,
To keep my inward grief from outward show.
Alas, I cannot ; now 'tis vain, I know,
To hide a fire whose flame appeareth plain.
I force my will, my senses I constrain,
T' imprison in my heart my secret woe :
But musing thoughts, deep sighs, or tears that flow,
Discover what my heart hides all in vain.
Yet blame not, dear, this undissembled passion ;
For well may love, within small limits bounded,
Be wisely mask'd in a disguised fashion :
But he whose heart, like mine, is thoroughly wounded,
Can never feign, no, though he were assured
That feigning might have greater grace procured.

UPON HIS ABSENCE FROM HER.

THE fairest eye, O eyes in blackness fair !
That ever shined, and the most heavenly face,
The daintiest smiling, the most conquering grace,
And sweetest breath that e'er perfumed the air ;
Those cherry lips,¹ whose kiss might well repair
A dead man's state ; that speech which did displace
All mean desires, and all affections base,
Clogging swift hope, and winging dead despair ;

¹ Ed. 1, "The cherriest lippes."

That snow-white breast, and all those faultless features,
Which made her seem a personage divine,
And far excelling fairest human creatures,
Hath absence banished from my cursed eyne.
But in my heart, as in a mirror clear,
All these perfections to my thoughts appear.

UPON PRESENTING HER WITH THE SPEECH OF
GRAY'S-INN MASK, AT THE COURT, 1594.

Consisting of Three Parts—The Story of Proteus' Transformations, The Wonders of the Adamantine Rock, and a Speech to Her Majesty.¹

WHO in these lines may better claim a part,
That sing the praises of the maiden² Queen,
Than you, fair sweet, that only sovereign been
Of the poor kingdom of my faithful heart?

Or to whose view should I this speech impart,
Where th' adamant rock's great power is shown ;
But to your conq'ring eyes, whose force once known,
Makes even iron hearts loath thence to part?

Or who of Proteus' sundry transformations,
May better send you the new-feigned story,
Than I, whose love unfeigned felt no mutations,
Since to be yours I first received the glory?
Accept, then, of these lines, though meanly penned,
So fit for you to take, and me to send.

¹ Concerning this masque, see *Introduction*.

² Ed. 1, "Britton."

ELEGY.

HE RENOUNCETH HIS FOOD, AND FORMER DELIGHT
IN MUSIC, POESY, AND PAINTING.

SITTING at board sometimes, prepared to eat,
If't hap my mind on these my woes to think,
Sighs fill my mouth instead of pleasant meat,
And tears do moist my lips in lieu of drink :
But yet, nor sighs, nor tears, that run amain,
Can either starve my thoughts, or quench my pain.

Another time with careful thought o'erta'en,
I thought these thoughts with music's might to chase :
But as I 'gan to set my notes in frame,
A sudden passion did my song displace :
Instead of rests, sighs from my heart did rise ;
Instead of notes, deep sobs and mournful cries.

Then, when I saw, that these my thoughts increased,
And that my thoughts unto my woes gave fire,
I hoped both thoughts and woes might be released,
If to the Muses I did me retire ;
Whose sweet delights were wont to ease my woe :
But now, alas ! they could do nothing so.

For trying oft, alas ! yet still in vain,
To make some pleasant numbers to arise,
And beating oft my dulled ' weary brain,
In hope some sweet conceit for to devise :

¹ So eds. 1 and 2. Ed. 3, "dullen."

Out of my mouth no words but groans would come ;
 Out of my pen no ink but tears would run.

Of all my old delights yet one was left ;
 Painting alone to ease my mind remained ;
 By which, whenas I looked to be bereft
 Of these heart-vexing woes that still me strained,
 From forth mine eyes the blood for colours came,
 And tears withal to temper so the same.

Adieu, my food ! that wont'st my taste to please,
 Adieu, my songs ! that bred mine ears' delight ;
 Adieu, sweet Muse ! that oft my mind didst ease ;
 Painting, adieu ! that oft refreshed my sight ;
 Since neither taste, nor ears, nor sight, nor mind,
 In your delights can aught, save sorrow, find.

SONNET.

TO PITY.

WAKE, Pity, wake ! for thou hast slept too long
 Within the tig'rish heart of that fierce fair
 Who ruins most where most she should repair,
 And where she owes most right doth greatest wrong.
 Wake, Pity, wake ! Oh do no more prolong
 Thy needful help, but quickly hear my prayer ;
 Quickly, alas ! for otherwise Despair,
 By guilty death, will end my guiltless wrong.
 Sweet Pity, wake, and tell my cruel sweet

That if my death her honour might increase,
 I would lay down my life at her proud feet,
 And willing die, and dying, hold my peace.
 And only live, and living, mercy cry,
 Because her glory in my death will die.¹

ODE.

THAT ONLY HER BEAUTY AND VOICE PLEASE HIM.

I.

PASSION may my judgment blear,
 Therefore sure I will not swear
 That others are not pleasing :
 But, I speak it to my pain,
 And my life shall it maintain,
 None else yields my heart easing.

II.

Ladies I do think there be
 Other-some as fair as she,
 Though none have fairer features ;
 But my turtle-like affection,
 Since of her I made election,
 Scorns other fairest creatures.

¹ In ed. 1 the sonnet ends thus :—

“Tell her I live, and living, crie for grace,
 Because my death her glory would deface.”

III.

Surely I will not deny
 But some others reach as high
 With their sweet warbling voices :
 But since her notes charmed mine ear,
 Even the sweetest tunes I hear,
 To me seem rude harsh noises.

MADRIGALS.

TO CUPID.

LOVE, if a God thou art,
 Then evermore thou must
 Be merciful and just.
 If thou be just, oh wherefore doth thy dart
 Wound mine alone, and not my Lady's heart ?

 If merciful, then why
 Am I to pain reserved,
 Who have thee truly served ;
 While she that by thy power sets not a fly,
 Laughs thee to scorn, and lives at ¹ liberty ?

Then, if a God thou wilt² accounted be,
 Heal me like her, or else wound her like me.

¹ Ed. 1, "in."

² Ed. 1, "would'st."

UPON HIS MISTRESS' SICKNESS, AND HIS OWN
HEALTH.

IN health and ease am I ;
Yet, as I senseless were, it nought contents me.
You sick in pain do lie ;
And ah, your pain exceedingly torments me.
Whereof¹ I can this only reason give,
That dead unto myself, in you I live.

HE BEGS A KISS.

SORROW² slowly killeth any,
Sudden joy soon murders many ;
Then, sweet, if you would end me,
'Tis a fond course with ling'ring grief to spend me.
For, quickly to dispatch me,
Your only way is, in your arms to catch me,
And give me dove-like³ kisses :
For such excessive and unlooked-for blisses⁴
Will⁵ so much over-joy me,
As⁶ they will straight destroy me.

¹ Ed. 1 reads

"Whereof, this only is the reason true,
That dead vnto my selfe, I liue in you."

² Ed. 1 reads

"Sorrow seldome killeth any,
Sodaine ioy hath murdered many."

³ Ed. 1, "a sweet Kisse."

⁴ Ed. 1, "blisse."

⁵ Ed. 1, "Would."

⁶ Ed. 1, "As it would."

UPON A KISS RECEIVED.

SINCE¹ I your cherry lips did kiss,
 Where nectar and ambrosia is,
 My hungry maw no meat requires ;
 My thirsty throat no drink desires.
 For by your breath which then I gained,
 Camelion-like, my life's maintained.

O grant me then those cherries still,
 And let me feed on them my fill.
 If by a surfeit death I get,
 Upon my tomb let this be set :
 By cherries twain his life he cherished,
 By cherries twain at length he perished.²

¹ Ed. 1 reads

" Since your sweete cherry lippes I kist,
 No want of food I once have mist,
 My stomach now no meate requires,
 My throate no drinke at all desires . . .
 Then grant me (Deere) those cherries still,
 O let me feede," &c.

² The last lines in ed. 1 run :

" Here lieth he whome Cherries two
 Made both to liue, and life forego."

ODE.¹

UPON HER PROTESTATION OF KIND AFFECTION,
HAVING TRIED HIS SINCERE FIDELITY.

I.

LADY, you are with beauties so enriched
Of body and of mind,
As I can hardly find,
Which of them all hath most my heart bewitched.

II.

Whether your skin so white, so smooth, so tender,
Or ² face well formed and fair,
Or heart-ensnaring hair,
Or dainty hand, or leg and foot so slender.

III.

Or whether your sharp wit and lively spirit,
Where pride can find no place :
Or your enchanting grace,³
Or speech, which doth true eloquence inherit.

¹ The title in ed. 1 is, "Vpon her protesting that now hauing tried his sincere affection, she loued him."

² "Or face so louely fair,
Or long hart-binding hair."—Ed. 1.

³ "Or your most pleasing grace."—Ed. 1.

IV.

Most lovely all, and each of them do move me,
More than words can express ;
But yet I must confess,
I love you most, because you please to love me.

ODE.

HIS RESTLESS ESTATE.

YOUR presence breeds my anguish,
Your absence makes me languish :
Your sight with woe doth fill me ;
And want of your sweet sight, alas, doth kill me.

If those dear eyes that burn me,
With mild aspect you turn me,
For life my weak heart panteth ;
If frowningly, my sp'rit and life-blood fainteth.

If you speak kindly to me,
Alas ! kind words undo me :
Yet silence doth dislike me,
And one unkind ill word stark dead would strike me.

Thus, sun nor shade doth ease me ;
Nor speech, nor silence please me :
Favours and frowns annoy me ;
Both want and plenty equally destroy me.

ELEGY,

OR

LETTER IN VERSE.

MY dearest Sweet, if these sad lines do hap
 The raging fury of the sea to 'scape,
 Oh be not you more cruel than the seas,
 Let pity now your angry mind appease ;
 So that your hand may be their blessed port,
 From whence they may unto your eyes resort ;
 And at that throne pleading my wretched case,
 May move your cruel heart to yield me grace.
 So may no clouds of elder years obscure
 Your sun-like eyes, but still as bright endure,
 As then they shone when with one piercing ray
 They made my self their slave, my heart their prey ;
 So may no sickness nip those flowers sweet,
 Which ever flowering on your cheeks do meet :
 Nor all defacing time have power to 'rase,
 The goodly building of that heavenly face.

II.¹

Fountain of bliss, yet well-spring of my woe,
 Oh would I might not justly term you so !
 Alas, your cruel dealing, and my fate,
 Have now reduced me to that wretched state,
 That I know not how I my style may frame
 To thanks, or grudging ; or, to praise, or blame :
 And where to write I all my powers do bend,

¹ Ed. 4 gives the heading "Another" to each of these sections.

There wot I not how to begin or end.
 And now my drizzling tears trill down apace,
 As if the latter would the former chase,
 Whereof some few on my pale cheeks remain,
 Like withered flowers, bedewed with drops of
 rain :

The other falling in my paper sink,
 Or dropping in my pen increase my ink.
 Which sudden passion's cause if you would find,
 A trembling fear doth now possess my mind,
 That you will not vouchsafe these lines to read,
 Lest they some pity in your heart may¹ breed :
 But, or with angry frowns refuse to take them,
 Or taking them the fire's fuel make them :
 Or, with those hands, made to a milder end,
 These guiltless leaves all into pieces rend.
 O cruel Tyrant ! yet beloved still,
 Wherein have I deserved of you so ill,
 That all my love you should with hate requite,
 And all my pains reward with such despite ?
 Or if my fault be great, which I protest
 Is only love, too great to be exprest,
 What, have these lines so harmless, innocent,
 Deserved to feel their master's punishment ?
 These leaves are not unto my fault consenting,
 And therefore ought not have² the same tormenting.
 When you have read them, use them as you list,
 For by your sight they shall be fully blist :³

¹ Ed. 1, "might."

² "Not have" is the reading of ed. 1.—Later eds. read "not to have."

³ So eds. 1 and 2 ; eds. 3 and 4, "blest." ("Blist" is an old form of "blest.")

But till you read them, let the woes I have,
This harmless paper from your fury save.

III.

Clear up, mine eyes, and dry yourselves, my tears,
And thou, my heart, banish these deadly fears :
Persuade thyself, that though her heart disdain
Either to love thy love, or rue thy pain,
Yet her fair eyes will not a look deny
To this sad story of thy misery.
Oh then, my dear, behold the portraiture
Of him that doth all kind of woes endure ;
Of him whose head is made a hive of woes,
Whose swarming number daily greater grows ;
Of him whose senses like a rack are bent,
With divers motions my poor soul to rent ;
Whose mind a mirror is, which only shows
The ugly image of my present woes :
Whose memory's a poisoned knife to tear
The ever-bleeding wound my breast doth bear ;
The ever bleeding wound not to be cured,
But by those eyes that first the same procured.
And that poor heart, so faithful, constant, true,
That only loves, and serves, and honours you,
Is like a feeble ship, which, torn and rent,
The mast of hope being broke, and tackling spent ;
Reason, the pilot, dead, the stars obscured,
By which alone to sail it was enured ;
No port, no land, no comfort once expected,
All hope of safety utterly neglected ;
With dreadful terror tumbling up and down
Passion's uncertain waves with hideous sound,
Doth daily, hourly, minutely expect,
When either it should run, and so be wrecked,

Upon Despair's sharp rock, or be o'erthrown
With storm of your disdain so fiercely blown.

IV.

But yet of all the woes that do torment me,
Of all the torments that do daily rent me,¹
There's none so great, although I am assured
That even the least cannot be long endured,
As that so many weeks, nay months and years,
Nay tedious ages, for it so appears,
My trembling heart, besides so many anguishes,
'Twixt hope and fear uncertain, hourly languishes :
Whether your hands, your eyes, your heart of stone,
Did take my lines, and read them, and bemoan
With one kind word, one sigh, one pitying tear,
Th' unfeigned grief which you do make me bear,²
Whether y' accepted that last monument
Of my dear love, the book I mean, I sent
To your dear self, when the respectless wind
Bore me away, leaving my heart behind.
And deign, sometimes, when you the same did view,
To think on him who always thinks on you :
Or whether you, as oh, I fear you do,
Hate both my self, and gifts, and letters too.

V.

I must confess, Unkind, when I consither,³
How ill, alas, how ill agree together,

¹ Ed. 1 reads :

" But yet, of al the woes that doe torment my hart,
Of all the Torments that do dayly rent my hart."

² Ed. 1, " Th' unfained grieife which for your loue I beare."

³ Ed. 1, " I must confesse, that when I do consither." (I keep the form " consither" for the rhyme.—Eds. 3 and 4 give " consider.")

So peerless beauty to so fierce a mind,
 So hard an inside to so fair a rind,
 A heart so bloody to so white a breast,
 So proud disdain with so mild looks suppress ;
 And how, my dear, oh, would it had been never,
 Accursed word ! nay, would it might be ever :
 How once, I say, till your heart was estranged,
 Alas, how soon my day to night was changed !
 You did vouchsafe my poor eyes so much grace,
 Freely to view the riches of your face,
 And did so high exalt my lowly heart,
 To call it yours, and take it in good part,
 And, which was greatest bliss, did not disdain,
 For boundless love to yield some love again.
 When this, I say, I call unto my mind,
 And in my heart and soul no cause can find,
 No fact, no word, whereby my heart doth merit,¹
 To lose² that love, which once I did inherit,
 Despair itself cannot make me despair
 But that you'll prove as kind as you are fair,
 And that my lines, and book, Oh would 'twere true,
 Are, though I know't not yet, received by you ;
 And often have your cruelty repented,
 Whereby my guiltless heart is thus tormented.
 And now at length, in lieu of passed woe,
 Will pity, kindness, love, and favour show.³

¹ Ed. 1 reads :

“ No fact, no word, whereby my Hart hath merited,
 Of your sweet loue to be thus disinherited.”

² Eds. 2, 3, 4, “ loue.”

³ Ed. 1, “ Will pity, grace, and loue, and fauour shoe.”

VI.

But when again my cursed memory,
To my sad thoughts confounded diversly,
Presents the time, the tear-procuring time,
That withered my young joys before their prime :
The time when I with tedious absence tired,
With restless love and racked desire inspired,
Coming to find my earthly Paradise,
To glass my sight in your two heavenly eyes,
On which alone my earthly joys depended,
And wanting which, my joy and life were ended,
From your sweet rosy lips, the springs of bliss,
To draw the nectar of a sweetest kiss :
My greedy ears on your sweet words to feed,
Which candied in your sugared breath proceed
In daintiest accents through that coral door,
Guarded with precious pearl and rubies' store :
To touch your hand so white, so moist, so soft,
And with a ravished kiss redoubled oft,
Revenge with kindest spite the bloody theft,
Whereby it closely me my heart bereft :
And of all bliss to taste the consummation,
In your sweet, graceful, heavenly conversation,
By whose sweet charms the souls you do enchant
Of all that do your lovely presence haunt :
Instead of all these joys I did expect,
Found nought but frowns, unkindness and neglect.
Neglect, unkindness, frowns ? nay, plain contempt,
And open hate, from no disdain exempt ;
No bitter words, side-looks,¹ nor aught that might
Engrieve, encrease so undeserved despise.
When this, I say, I think, and think withal

¹ Ed. 4, "besides looks."

How, nor those show'rs of tears mine eyes let fall,
Nor wind of blustering sighs with all their force,
Could move your rocky heart once to remorse ;
Can I expect that letter should find grace,
Or pity ever in your heart have place ?
No no, I think, and sad despair says for me,
You hate, disdain, and utterly abhor me.

VII.

Alas, my Dear, if this you do devise,
To try the virtue of your murdering eyes,
And in the glass of bleeding hearts, to view
The glorious splendour of your beauty's hue,
Ah, try it on rebellious hearts, and sprites ¹
That do withstand the power of sacred lights,
And make them feel, if any such be found,
How deep and curelessly ² your eyes can wound.
But spare, oh spare my yielding heart, and save
Him whose chief glory is to be your slave :
Make me the matter of your clemency,
And not the subject of your tyranny.

¹ Ed. 1, "Ah trie it, trie it on rebellious sprights." (Eds. 2, 3, 4, read "eies" for "sprights.")

² So eds. 1 and 2. Later eds. "cureless."

ODE.

BEING BY HIS ABSENCE IN ITALY DEPRIVED OF HER
LOOKS, WORDS, AND GESTURES, HE DESIRETH
HER TO WRITE UNTO HIM.¹

I.

MY only star,
Why, why are your dear eyes,
Where all my life's peace lies,
With me at war?
Why to my ruin tending,
Do they still lighten woe,
On him that loves you so,
That all his thoughts in you have birth and ending?

II.

Hope of my heart,
Oh wherefore do the words,
Which your sweet tongue affords,
No hope impart?
But cruel without measure,
To my eternal pain,
Still thunder forth disdain
On him whose life depends upon your pleasure?

¹ In ed. 1 the title is "Being deprived of her sweete lookes, wordes and gestures, by his absence in Italie, he desires her to write vnto him."

III.

Sunshine of joy,
 Why do your gestures, which
 All eyes and hearts bewitch,
 My bliss destroy ?
 And pity's sky o'erclouding,
 Of hate an endless show'r
 On that poor heart still pour,
 Which in your bosom seeks his only shrouding ?

IV.

Balm ¹ of my wound,
 Why are your lines, whose sight
 Should cure me with delight,
 My poison found ?
 Which through my veins dispersing,
 Make my poor heart and mind,²
 And all my senses, find
 A living death, in torments past rehearsing.

V.

Alas ! my fate
 Hath of your eyes deprived me,
 Which both killed and revived me,
 And sweetened hate ;
 Your sweet voice, and sweet graces,
 Which clothed in lovely weeds
 Your cruel words and deeds,
 Are intercepted by far distant places.

¹ Eds. 2, 3, 4, "blame."

² Ed. 1, "Doth make my heart and minde."

VI.

But, oh ! the anguish
 Which presence still presented,¹
 Absence hath not absented,
 Nor made to languish ;
 No, no, t' increase my paining,
 The cause being, ah ! removed,
 For which th' effect I loved,
 Th' effect is still in greatest force remaining.

VII.

Oh ! cruel tiger,
 If to your hard heart's centre
 Tears, vows, and prayers may enter,
 Desist your rigour ;
 And let kind lines assure me,
 Since to my deadly wound
 No salve else can be found,
 That you that kill me, yet at length will cure me.

MADRIGAL.

ALLUSION TO THE CONFUSION OF BABEL.

THE wretched life I live,
 In my weak senses such confusion maketh,
 That, like the accursed rabble
 That built the tower of Babel,
 My wit mistaketh,
 And unto nothing a right name doth give.

¹ Ed. 1, "pretended."

I term her my dear love, that deadly hates me
 My chiefest good, her that's my chiefest evil ;
 Her saint and goddess, who's a witch, a devil ;
 Her my sole hope, that with despair amates ¹ me ;
 My balm I call her, that with poison fills me ;
 And her I term my life, that daily kills me.

SONNET.

UPON HER ACKNOWLEDGING HIS DESERT, YET
 REJECTING HIS AFFECTION.

IF love conjoined with worth and great desert,
 Merit like love in every noble mind,
 Why then do I you still so cruel find,
 To whom you do such praise of worth impart ?
 And if, my dear, you speak not from your heart,
 Two heinous wrongs you do together bind,
 To seek with glozing words mine eyes to blind,
 And yet with hateful deeds my love to thwart.
 To want what one deserves, engrieves his pain,
 Because it takes away all self-accusing ;
 And under kindest words to mask ² disdain,
 Is to a vexed soul too much abusing.
 Then if't be false, such glozing words refrain ;
 If true, oh ! then let worth his due obtain.

¹ Confounds.

² Ed. 4, " make."

HER ANSWER IN THE SAME RHYMES.

IF your fond love want worth and great desart,
 Then blame yourself that you me cruel find :
 If worth alone move every noble mind,
 Why to no worth should I my love impart ?
 And if the less to grieve your wounded heart,
 I seek your dazzled eyes with words to blind,
 To just disfavour I great favour bind,
 With deeds and not with words your love to thwart.
 The freeing of your mind from self accusing,
 By granting your deserts should ease your pain ;
 And since love is your fault, 'twere some abusing,
 With bitter words t' envenom just disdain.
 Then if 't be true, all glozing I refrain ;
 If false, why should no worth worth's due obtain ?

 HIS FAREWELL TO HIS UNKIND AND UNCONSTANT
 MISTRESS.¹

SWEET, if you like and love me still,
 And yield me love for my good will,
 And do not from your promise start,
 When your fair hand gave me your heart ;
 If dear to you I be,
 As you are dear to me ;
 Then your's I am, and will be ever,
 Nor time nor place my love shall sever ;
 But faithful still I will persever,
 Like constant marble stone,
 Loving but you alone.

¹ This poem is set to music in Robert Jones' "Ultimum Vale," 1608.

But if you favour me¹ than me,
 Who love thee dear² and none but thee ;
 If others do the harvest gain,
 That's due to me for all my pain ;
 If you delight to range,³
 And oft to chop and change ;
 Then get you some new-fangled mate ;
 My doating love shall turn to hate,
 Esteeming you, though too too late,
 Not worth a pebble stone
 Loving not me alone.

A PROSOPOPŒIA,

WHEREIN HIS HEART SPEAKS TO HIS SECOND
 LADY'S BREAST.

I DARE not in my master's bosom rest,
 That flaming Ætna would to ashes burn me ;
 Nor dare I harbour in his mistress' breast,
 The frosty climate into ice would turn me ;
 So both from her and him I do retire me,
 Lest th' one should freeze me, and the other fire me.

Winged with true love, I fly to this sweet breast,
 Whose snow, I hope, will cool, but t' ice not turn me ;
 Where fire and snow, I trust, so tempered rest,
 As gentle heat will warm, and yet not burn me.
 But oh dear breast ! from thee I'll ne'er retire me,
 Whether thou cool, or warm, or freeze, or fire me.

¹ More.² Ed. 1, " Who loue thee still and " etc.³ Ed. 1, " If that you loue to range."

UPON HER GIVING HIM BACK THE PAPER WHEREON
THE FORMER SONG WAS WRITTEN, AS THOUGH
IT HAD BEEN AN ANSWER THEREUNTO.

LADY of matchless beauty ;
When into your sweet bosom I delivered
A paper, with wan looks, and hand that quivered
'Twixt hope, fear, love, and duty ;
Thought you it nothing else contained
But written words in rhyme restrained ?
Oh then your thought abused was ;
My heart close wrapt therein, into your breast infused
was.

When you that scroll restored me
With grateful words, kind grace, and smiling merrily,
My breast did swell with joy, supposing verily
You answer did afford me.
But finding only that I writ,
I hoped to find my heart in it :
But you my hope abused had,
And poison of despair instead thereof infused had.

Why, why did you torment me,
With giving back my humble rhymes so hatefully ?
You should have kept both heart and paper gratefully,
Or both you should have sent me.
Hope you my heart thence to remove,
By scorning me, my lines, my love ?
No, no ; your hope abused is,
Too deep to be removed, it in your breast infused is.

Oh, shall I hide or tell it ?
 Dear, with so spotless, zealous, firm affection,
 I love your beauty, virtue, and perfection,
 As nothing can expel it.
 Scorn still my rhymes, my love despite,
 Pull out my heart, yea kill me quite ;
 Yet will your hate abused be,
 For in my very soul, your love and looks infused be.

COMMENDATION OF HER BEAUTY, STATURE,
 BEHAVIOUR, AND WIT.

SOME there are as fair to see to ;¹
 But by art and not by nature ;
 Some as tall and goodly be too ;
 But want beauty to their stature.

Some have gracious kind behaviour ;
 But are foul or simple creatures :
 Some have wit, but want sweet favour,
 Or are proud of their good features.
 Only you, and you want pity,²
 Are most fair, tall, kind, and witty.

TO HER HAND, UPON HER GIVING HIM HER GLOVE.

O H hand ! of all hands living
 The softest, moistest, whitest :
 More skilled than Phœbus on a lute in running,
 More than Minerva with a needle cunning,

¹ All the editions give " too." (" As fair to see to " = as fair to look upon.)

² Ed. 1, " Only you in Court or Citty."

Than Mercury more wily,
 In stealing hearts most slily :
 Since thou, dear hand, in theft so much delightest,
 Why fall'st thou now a-giving ?
 Ay me ! thy gifts are thefts, and with strange art,
 In giving me thy glove, thou steal'st my heart.

CUPID PROVED A FENCER.

A H Cupid, I mistook thee :
 I for an archer, and no fencer took thee.
 But as a fencer oft feigns blows and thrusts,
 Where he intends no harm,¹
 Then turns his baleful arm,
 And wounds that part which least his foe mistrusts ;²
 So thou, with fencing art,
 Feigning to wound mine eyes, hast hit my heart.

UPON HER COMMENDING (THOUGH MOST UNDESERVEDLY) HIS VERSES TO HIS FIRST LOVE.

PRAISE you those barren rhymes long since composed,
 Which my great love, her greater cruelty,
 My constant faith, her false inconstancy,
 My praiseless³ style, her o'er-praised worth disclosed ?

¹ Ed. 1, " Where hee doth meane no harme."

² Ed. 1, " And wounds his foe whereas hee least mistrusts."

³ So eds. 1 and 2.—Eds. 3 and 4, " praises " (and so Nicolas).

Oh, if I loved a scornful dame so dearly ;
 If my wild years did yield so firm affection :
 If her moon-beams, short of your sun's perfection,
 Taught my hoarse Muse (as¹ you say) to sing clearly,
 How much, how much should I love and adore you,
 Divinest creature, if you deigned to love me !
 What beauty, fortune, time should ever move me,
 In these staid years, to like aught else before you ?
 And oh, how should my Muse by you inspired
 Make heaven and earth resound your praise admired !
My then green heart so brightly did inflame.²

HE COMPARES HIMSELF TO A CANDLE-FLY.

LIKE to the seely fly,
 To the dear light I fly
 Of your disdainful eyes,
 But in a diverse wise :
 She with the flame doth play
 By night alone, and I, both night and day.
 She to a candle runs ;
 I to a light, far brighter than the sun's.
 She near at hand is fired ;
 I both near hand, and far away retired.
 She fondly thinks, nor dead, nor burnt to be ;
 But I my burning and my death foreseea.

¹ Ed. 1, "to sing (as you say)."

² This line is not found in ed 1.—It is certainly out of place here, and may belong to some cancelled poem,

ANSWER TO HER QUESTION, WHAT LOVE WAS.

IF I behold your eyes,
 Love is a paradise :
 But if I view my heart,
 'Tis an infernal smart.

ODE.

THAT ALL OTHER CREATURES HAVE THEIR ABIDING
 IN HEAVEN, HELL, EARTH, AIR, WATER OR
 FIRE, BUT HE IN ALL OF THEM.

IN heaven the blessed angels have their being ;
 In hell the fiends appointed to damnation ;
 To men and beasts earth yields firm habitation ;
 The winged musicians in the air are fleeing ;
 With fins the people gliding
 Of water have the enjoying ;
 In fire, all else destroying,
 The salamander finds a strange abiding :
 But I, poor wretch, since I did first aspire
 To love your beauty, beauties all excelling,
 Have my strange diverse dwelling,
 In heaven, hell, earth, water, air, and fire.

Mine ear, while you do sing, in heav'n remaineth :
 My mind in hell, through hope and fear's contention :
 Earth holds my drossy wit and dull invention :
 Th' ill food of airy sighs my life sustaineth.
 To streams of tears still flowing,
 My weeping eyes are turned :
 My constant heart is burned

I.

K

In quenchless fire within my bosom glowing.
 Oh fool, no more, no more so high aspire :
 In heaven is no beauty more excelling,
 In hell no such pride dwelling,
 Nor heart so hard in earth, air, water, fire.

UPON HIS TIMOROUS SILENCE IN HER PRESENCE.

ARE lovers full of fire ?
 How comes it then my verses are so cold ?
 And how, when I am nigh her,
 And fit occasion wills me to be bold,
 The more I burn, the more I do desire,
 The less I dare require ?
 Ah love ! this is thy wond'rous art,
 To freeze the tongue, and fire the heart.

UPON HER LONG ABSENCE.

IF this most wretched and infernal anguish,
 Wherein so long your absence makes me languish,
 My vital spirits spending,
 Do not work out my ending ;
 Nor yet your long expected safe returning,
 To heav'nly joy my hellish torments turning,
 With joy so overfill me,
 As presently it kill me :
 I will conclude, hows'ever schools deceive a man,
 No joy, nor sorrow, can of life bereave a man.

UPON SEEING HIS FACE IN HER EYE.

FAIREST and kindest of all woman-kind :
 Since you did me the undeserved grace
 In your fair eye to shew me my bad face ;
 With loan I'll pay you in the self-same kind :
 Look in mine eye, and I will shew to you
 The fairest face that heaven's eye doth view.

But the small worthless glass of my dim eye
 Scarce shews the picture of your heav'nly face,
 Which yet each slightest turn doth straight deface.
 But could, oh could you once my heart espy,
 Your form at large you there engraved should see,
 Which, nor by time, nor death can rased be.

UPON HER HIDING HER FACE FROM HIM.

O, wailing accents, go,
 With my warm tears and scalding tears attended,
 To th' author of my woe,
 And humbly ask her, why she is offended.
 Say, dear, why hide you so
 From him your blessed eyes,
 Where he beholds his earthly paradise,
 Since he hides not from you
 His heart, wherein love's heav'n you may view ?

UPON HER BEAUTY AND INCONSTANCY.

WHOSOEVER longs to try
 Both love and jealousy,
 My fair inconstant lady let him see,
 And he will soon a jealous lover be.

Then he by proof shall know,
 As I do to my woe,
 How they make my poor heart at once to dwell,
 In fire and frost, in heaven and in hell.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A LOVER'S FLAMING HEART, AND HIS
 LADY'S FROZEN BREAST.

HEART. SHUN¹ not, sweet breast, to see me all of
 fire.

BREAST. Fly not, dear heart, to find me all of snow.

HEART. Thy snow inflames these flames of my desire.

BREAST. And I desire Desire's sweet flames to know.

HEART. Thy snow n' ill hurt me.

BREAST. Nor thy fire will harm me.

HEART. This cold will cool me,

BREAST. And this heat will warm me.

HEART. Take this chaste fire to that pure virgin
 snow.

BREAST. Being now thus warmed, I'll ne'er seek other
 fire.

¹ Eds. 1 and 2, "Shut."

HEART. Thou giv'st more bliss than mortal hearts
may know.

BREAST. More bliss I take than angels can desire.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Let one joy fill us, as one grief did harm us ;¹
Let one death kill us, as one love doth warm us.

FOR WHAT CAUSE HE OBTAINS NOT
HIS LADY'S FAVOUR.

DEAR, why hath my long love, and faith unfeigned,
At your fair hands no grace at all obtained ?

Is't that my pock-holed face doth beauty lack ?

No : your sweet sex, sweet beauty praiseth :
Ours, wit and valour chiefly raiseth.

Is't that my muskless clothes are plain and black ?

No : what wise lady loves fine noddies,
With poor-clad minds, and rich-clad bodies ?

Is't that no costly gifts mine agents are ?

No : my true heart, which I present you,
Should more than pearl or gold content you.

¹ Ed. 1 reads :—

Both together. { " Let one grieve harme vs ;
And let one ioy fill vs ;
Let one loue warme vs ;
And let one death kill vs. "

Is't that my verses want invention rare ?

No : I was never skilful poet,

I truly love, and plainly shew it.

Is't that I vaunt, or am effeminate ?

Oh scornful vices ! I abhor you,

Dwell still in court, the place fit for you.

Is't that you fear my love soon turns to hate ?

No : though disdained, I can hate never ;

But loved, where once I love, love ever.

Is't that your favours jealous eyes suppress ?

No : only virtue never sleeping,

Hath ¹ your fair mind ² and body's keeping.

Is't, that to many more I love profess ?

Goddess, you have my heart's oblation ;

And no saint else lips' invocation.

No, none of these. The cause I now discover ;

No woman loves a faithful worthy lover.

A QUATRAIN.

IF you reward my love with love again,
 My bliss, my life, my heaven I will deem you ;
 But if you proudly 'quite it with disdain,
 My curse, my death, my hell I must esteem you.

¹ So ed. 1 ; later eds. "Both." ² Eds. 2 and 3, "minde."

SONNET

TO A WORTHY LORD,¹ NOW DEAD, UPON PRESENTING
HIM, FOR A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, WITH CÆSAR'S
COMMENTARIES AND CORNELIUS
TACITUS.

WORTHILY famous lord, whose virtues rare,
Set in the gold of never-stained nobility,
And noble mind shining in true humility,
Make you admired of all that virtuous are :
If, as your sword with envy imitates
Great Cæsar's sword in all his deeds victorious ;
So your learned pen would strive to be glorious,
And write your acts performed in foreign States ;
Or if some one, with the deep wit inspired
Of matchless Tacitus, would them historify,
Then Cæsar's work so much we should not glorify,
And Tacitus would be much less desired.
But till yourself, or some such put them forth,
Accept of these as pictures of your worth.

¹ " Probably the unfortunate Robert Earl of Essex, who was in some degree the patron of Francis Davison."—*Nicolas*.

TO
SAMUEL DANIEL,
PRINCE OF ENGLISH POETS,
UPON HIS THREE SEVERAL SORTS OF POESY.

LYRICAL, IN HIS SONNETS ;
TRAGICAL, IN ROSAMOND AND CLEOPATRA ;
HEROICAL, IN HIS CIVIL WARS.

OLYMPIA'S matchless son, whenas he knew
How many crowns his father's sword had
gained,
With smoking sighs, and deep-fetched sobs did rue,
And his brave cheeks with scalding tears bedew ;
Because that kingdoms now so few remained
By his victorious arms to be obtained.

So, learned Daniel, when as thou didst see,
That Spenser erst so far had spread his fame,
That he was monarch deemed of Poesy,
Thou didst, I guess, even burn with jealousy,
Lest laurel were not left enough to frame
A nest sufficient for thine endless name.

But as that pearl of Greece soon after passed
In wondrous conquests his renowned sire,
And others all, whose names by Fame are placed
In highest seat : so hath thy Muse surpassed

Spenser, and all that do with hot desire
To the thunder-scorning laurel-crown aspire.

And as his empire's linked force was known,
When each of those that did his kingdom share,
The mightiest kings in might did match alone ;
So of thy skill the greatness thus is shown ;
That each of those, great poets deemed are,
Who may in one kind with thee compare.

One shared out Greece, another Asia held,
And fertile Egypt to a third did fall ;
But only Alexander all did wield.
So in soft pleasing lyrics some are skill'd,
In tragic some, some in heroical ;
But thou alone art matchless in them all.

NON EQUIDEM INVIDEO, MIROR MAGIS.

THREE EPITAPHS

UPON THE DEATH OF A RARE CHILD OF
SIX YEARS OLD.

I.

WIT'S perfection, Beauty's wonder,
Nature's pride, the Graces' treasure,
Virtue's hope, his friends' sole pleasure,
This small marble stone lies under ;
Which is often moist with tears,
For such loss in such young years.

II.

LOVELY boy ! thou art not dead,
But from earth to heaven fled ;
For base earth was far unfit
For thy beauty, grace, and wit.

III.

THOU alive on earth, sweet boy,
Hadst an angel's wit and face ;
And now dead, thou dost enjoy,
In high Heaven, an angel's place.

AN INSCRIPTION FOR THE STATUE
OF DIDO.

OH most unhappy Dido !
Unhappy wife, and more unhappy widow !
Unhappy in thy mate,
And in thy lover more unfortunate :
By treason th' one was reft thee ;
By treason th' other left thee.
That left thee means to fly with ;
This left thee means to die with.
The former being dead,
From brother's sword thou fliest :
The latter being fled,
On lover's sword thou diest.

PIU MERITARE, CHE CONSEGUIRE.

FRANCIS DAVISON.

END OF VOL. I.



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